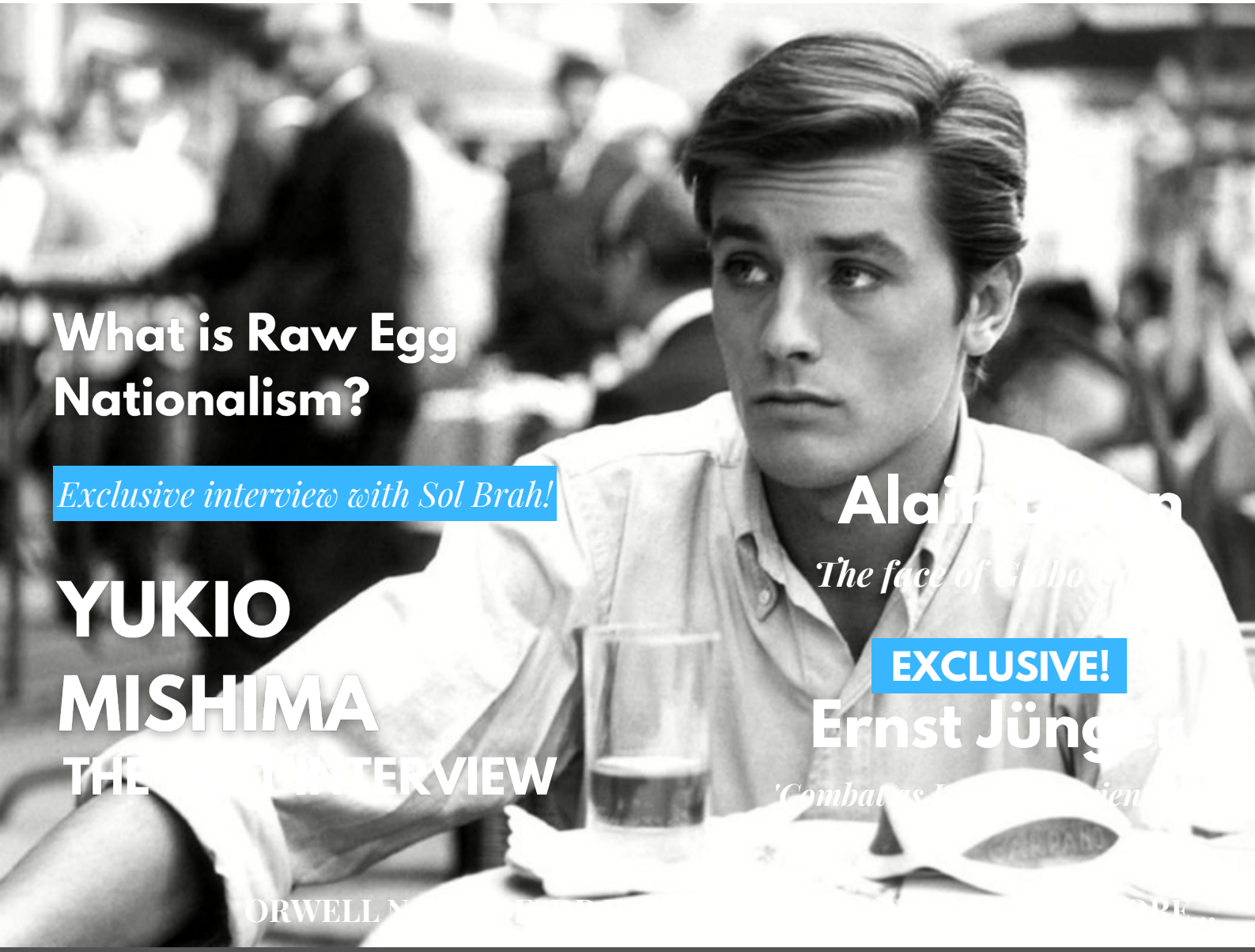
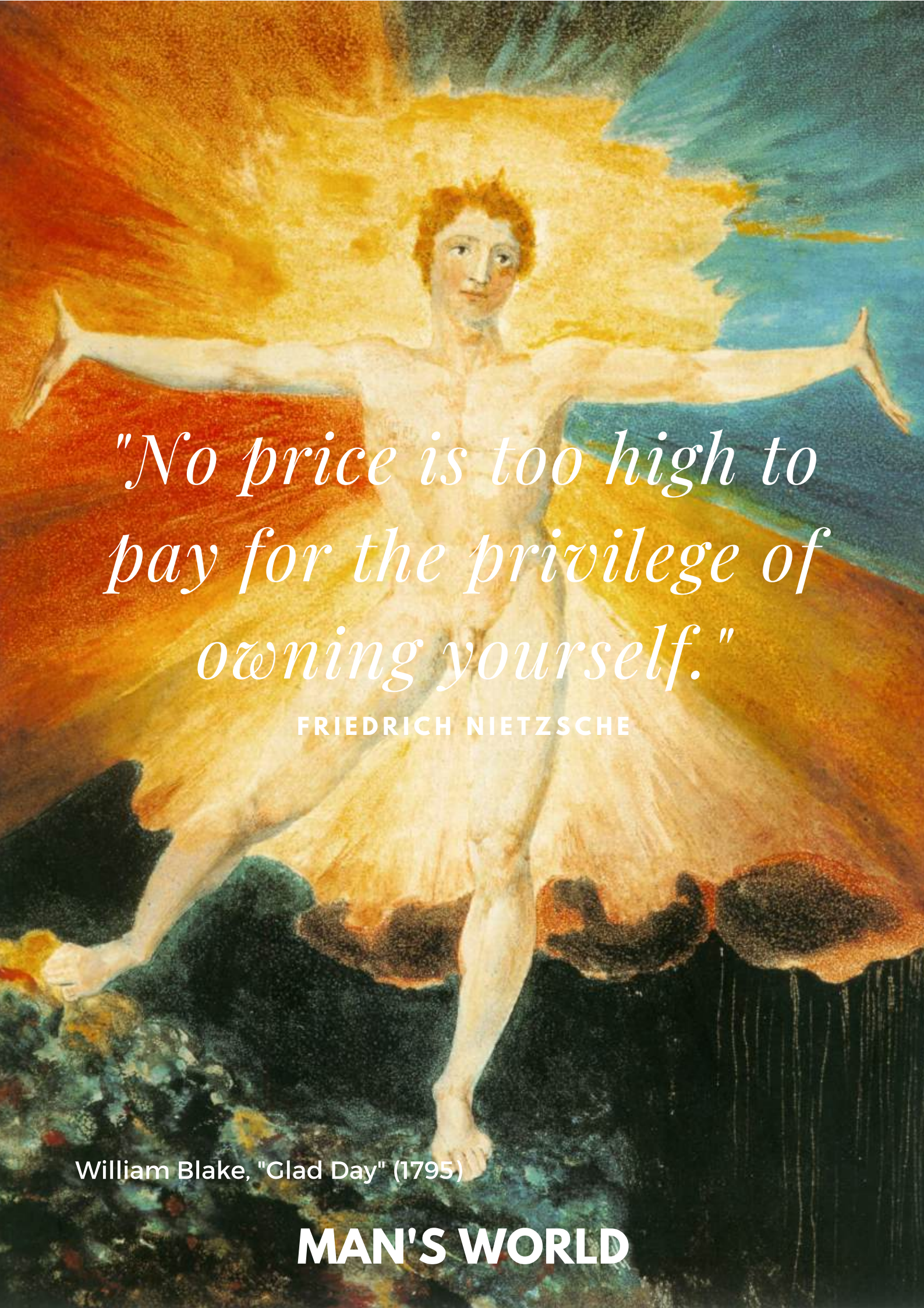
MAN'S WORLD



GLOBO UOMO

THE NEW HANDSOME NATIONALIST

A new man is rising. Cometh the hour, cometh the man.


"No price is too high to pay for the privilege of owning yourself."
FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE
William Blake, "Glad Day" (1795)
MAN'S WORLD

Welcome, frens!

A message from the editor, Raw Egg Nationalist (@babygravy9)

Welcome to the inaugural issue of the re-launched Man's World (and Raw Egg Journal)!

The aim of this magazine is simple: to make men's magazines great again. Although that slogan doesn't quite trip off the tongue like 'MAGA', and probably won't be gracing a red baseball cap near you any time soon, the need for a new kind of men's magazine is no less great as a result.

Men need safe spaces to be men, to do the things men do and talk about the things men talk about, without supervision or infiltration from the so-called fairer sex. Yet everywhere, the realm of true male freedom and friendship is circumscribed and curtailed, its few surviving oases deliberately staked about with warnings of illicit or repressed desire - of Oscar Wilde's famous 'love that dare not speak its name', only its name is spoken all too often these days...

The truth is, male friendship, devoid of any sexual charge, has been the basis of much, if not all, of the greatness of our civilisation. The willful failure to understand this, the desire to twist and traduce something so noble, says far more about the traducers than it could ever say about the traduced.

So welcome back, my friends, to the world of men. And what a first issue we've got in store for you. Original writing from Orwell N Goode, Dr Ben Braddock and of course yours truly. Timeless encounters with the great Yukio Mishima and Ernst Jünger. Vintage centrefolds. New literature, including a terrifying journey into corporate HR with Zero Hp Lovecraft. In-depth articles on health and fitness, and an exclusive interview with Sol Brah.

Politics, history, fitness, sex, literature - Man's World Issue 1 has it all. Well, maybe not a motorting section, but I'm working on it!

MAN'S WORLD

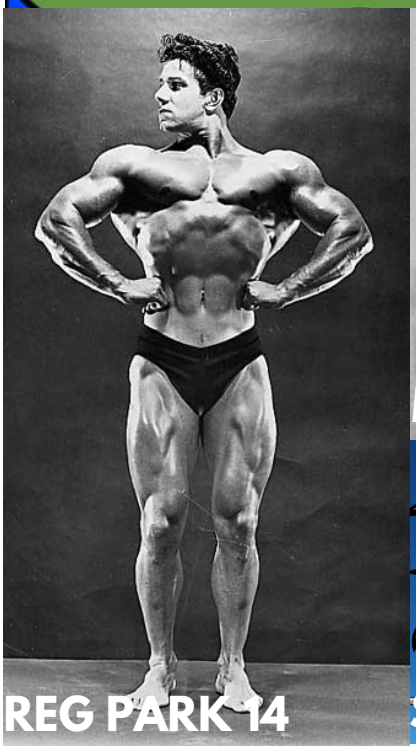
& RAW EGG JOURNAL

ISSUE 1 Quarter 1 2021

ORWELL N GOODE 6

04 GLOBO UOMO
20 ETERNAL PHYSIQUE
28 ALAIN + MARIANNE
42 RAW EGG NATIONALISM
45 DELON STYLE
50 I MUST LIVE A CERTAIN WAY
58 THOMAS 777
65 VINTAGE BUSH

75 CRITICAL RAY THEORY
79 VELCORO-MAXXING
88 HERCULEAN STRENGTH
91 SIPES WRIST CURL
100 PYOTR WRANGEL
104 JÜNGER
109 PALEO DIET
121 JOHN COLD



REG PARK 14

MISHIMA 31 + 94

ZERO HP 115

SOL 84

BRADDOCK 38

Who is the Globo Uomo?

A new man is rising. Cometh the hour, cometh the man.

Words: Raw Egg Nationalist

The Globo Uomo is a new type of man. Or, rather, an old type of man reborn. In times past, his influence was felt across the world; in times to come, it will be felt again.

Globo, not because he is a globalist in outlook, but because his appearance is a global event. Everywhere, from the frigid wastes of northern Europe to the pampas of Argentina via the beaches of the Med, this new man is on the rise.

Handsome, stylish, physically fit, charming and witty, learned but disdainful of intellectual imposture and empty gesturing – the Globo Uomo is, in short, a man of refinement, but also a man of action.

A man of power.

As at home in the most stylish of Old World hotels as the pitiless backstreets of a third-world city. With his band of trusted allies, men just like himself, he will determine the fate of nations.

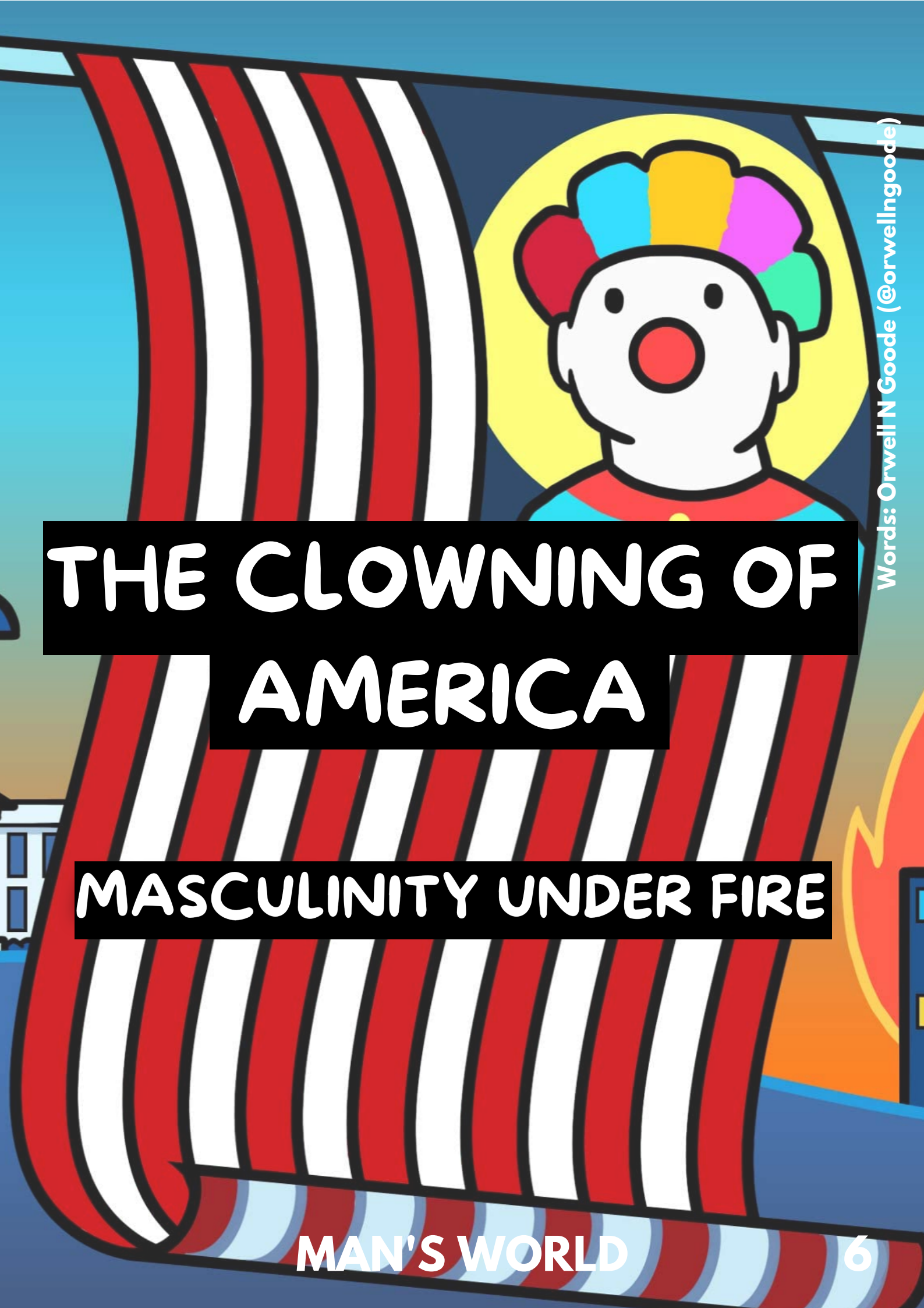
Bronze Age Pervert writes,

"The coming age of barbarism will not be owned, as so many of you urban cucks fear, by the gangbangers and the unwashed hordes of the teeming cesspools of the world, but by clean-cut middle-class and working-class vets, men of military experience, who know something about how to shoot and how to organize."

That's why we've chosen Alain Delon as the face of Globo Uomo. Delon was not just a heartbreaker, one of the great sex symbols of 20th century European cinema, but also a man in whose eye the cold flicker of a switchblade knife could be seen.

Whether he was raising hell as a French fusilier marin in Indochina, mogging Mick Jagger in front of the world's press, or defending himself from charges of political scandal and murder, Delon never looked anything but his best.

READ BRONZE AGE MINDSET



THE CLOWNING OF AMERICA

MASCULINITY UNDER FIRE

Words: Orwell N Goode (@orwellngoode)

We live in an age of inversion. Masculinity is bad. The nuclear family is bad. Monogamy is bad. Lifting weights reinforces masculinity, and it is, therefore, bad. Eating healthily and exercises leads to 'thin privilege' and, again, it is bad. Things have gotten so out of control - and the only resistance to these false notions of progress have been sassy quips decrying the double standards of our politico-cultural overlords. What king was ever figuratively deposed by having his hypocrisy pointed out?

Nevertheless, we can list the myriad failures of the traditionally-minded at length to no avail; we should, instead, examine the consequences of our spiteful anti-male culture.

The Current Year Is Viciously Anti-Masculinity

It's no secret that the most ferocious male exponents of progress lack masculinity at every turn - why would a masculine man denigrate his own masculinity? Consequently, various memes encapsulating the soyboy/consoomer trope have popped up around social media, often going viral and crossing several internet subcultures beyond the political sphere. One could argue that this is because the soyboy/consoomer is a *metapolitical* archetype that ticks all the certain lifestyle boxes amounting to the same political outcome. A lot of their beliefs could be traced back to their low testosterone levels worsened by their lifestyle saturated by unhealthy processed food, a sedentary vitamin-D-deprived existence, and phytoestrogenic beverages (SoyPAs). Due to their midwittery, they have the intellectual capacity to rationalize their lack of masculinity using progressive narratives and pernicious academic materials - all couched in trendy, meaningless buzzwords - without ever having to address their physical and mental inadequacies. If everyone is so hecking cute 'n valid, then there's no need for self-improvement. Self-improvement itself is inherently anti-egalitarian and would contradict much of their worldview - were they to embark upon any character-building endeavors. The consoomerism of many of these individuals is a cheap way to fill the void, so to speak. In the past, I have spoken about how the raison d'etre of many has become a series of fleeting dopamine hits of diminishing marginal returns - kinda like chasing the dragon. Dopamine receptors go brrrrr; daily life is brimming with various activities that warm the various centers of the brain they believe occupy the role of the soul; activities such as virtue signaling on social media, supporting the prestige ideology sponsored by every single major well-monied institution, getting high off the second-hand fumes of power, consooming from their favorite ethnic food place, cracking open a cold craft beer - all to be uploaded on social media in abject desperation for wider validation from their peers. Moreover, the increased androgyny of both sexes through narrative, poor nutrition, xenoestrogens, and other factors has driven a wedge into modern relationships. Now more than ever have relationships become simultaneously toxic, distant, and vicarious given the recent meteoric rise of platforms such as OnlyFans. The men - or 'Simps' - who donate to these women crave the human connection that porn fails to offer. The increased atomization brought to us by the current global situation has been almost like a cycle of tren ace for societal decline. Relationships are temporary; hypergamy, phony self-empowerment pseudo-philosophies, the Pareto principle and apps have rearranged the dating scene making it impossible for a lot of men to compete with their Chad counterparts. OnlyFans et al serve as a proxy for the relationships these less fortunate men crave. Slack-jawed modern morality simply emboldens these self-destroying patterns; but if we attempt to arrive at the root cause of this social epidemic, the lack of strong male figures has inflated a moral vacuum that has wrought untold spiritual havoc on both sexes under the age of 35. In Clowning of America, I talk about the inter-generational disconnect between today's Millennials and their grandparents - who were patient zero for

IM
@TellYourSonThis
Men have no inherent value.
Women and children are valued simply for existing
This is wh
d to manhood is an
nsition for males.
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HONK HONK!
Entertainment
Ex-Porn Star Mia Khalifa Regrets Adult Film Stint: 'Videos Will Haunt Me Until I Die'
By Julia Gabrielle on 6/24/20 at 7:32 am edt
Mia Khalifa Has Joined OnlyFans
CLAIRE REID
Last updated 14:45, Saturday 19 September 2020 BST
Share
Tweet
Cacao
Naturally and artificially flavored
soylent
MAN'S WORLD
8

hypercapitalist post-female-liberation two-parents-in-the-workforce America, and thus became disconnected from their past by spending the grander portion of their formative years under the wing of a neurotic, often childless and bitter state-mandated parental surrogate, typically known as a "teacher." A society dominated by stronger men would not have entertained the prospect of such a radical social revolution; and let's be frank, the 1960s was the decade that hosted the most tempestuous and annihilating revolutions in human history.

What's worse is the restructuring and systematizing of society around a treading-on-eggshells, passive-aggressive, self-righteous, neurotic, gossipy borderline sociopathy, a social world resembling a modern corporate office with an extensive HR department that prioritizes inclusivity and arbitrary feelings over merit, accomplishment, or worth. This HR-model design is anathema to the formation of healthy masculinity. Every male space, to borrow some rephrased progressive terminology, has become invaded by do-gooders seeking to be inclusive. But it ultimately prevents men from forging strong relationships and camaraderie. For example, the Boy Scouts were eventually pressured into accepting girls despite there already being a Girl Scouts. It's more about erasure of male spaces rather than grandiose visions of equality. Everything typically associated with masculinity has to be worn down. Why? Because strong men are antithetical to a society run by low-T locker-dodging nerds. Strong men don't make capricious consoomers. Strong men might protest injustice and anarcho-tyranny. Weak men exhibiting soyish features - mouth agape, thin scraggly beards, plaid shirts, poor muscularity (skinny fat), etc - are far likelier to be passive and resentful of hierarchy as they lack the faculties to compete with stronger men. Almost every aspect of life has become increasingly feminized - even language has to be policed and euphemized to avoid hurting the feelings of protected minority groups. Wielding this power over language is little more than a flex to destabilize the very essence of meaning itself. We've all heard the arguments along the lines of 'control the language, control the thought of the public" - and they're not wrong. However, restraining thought and language is against the nature of stronger men.

The Relentless Attack on Heroism

One of the hallmarks of our esteemed current year has been to elevate superheroes while chastising real human heroes. This phenomenon falls in line with a common

MAN'S WORLD

complaint from men's rights activists and/or anti-feminists who decry the unrealistic standards placed upon men. And in a world of growing single-motherhood and broken homes, many young men don't have a *real* masculine father figure to look up to. Historical heroes are endlessly picked apart by bespectacled pot-bellied academics with 150 ng/dL testosterone levels. Since your favorite historical figures' lifestyles didn't conform to today's inauthentic morality, they have to be vilified until the end of time to make amends for their transgressions against the modern secular religion of progress. Now the mainstream view of masculinity is both toxic and hyperreal; traditional masculinity which sculpted our modern world has to go, but hyperreal masculinity depicted in Marvel movies is desirable as these characters tend to be sensitive progressives when they are dressed down as civilians. Another, perhaps unintended, consequence of creating hyperreal male heroes is that transhumanist measures are are needed to create our new heroes, taking a mediocrity and transforming him into a superhuman. The subtext is clear: a plain coastal bugman can become Tony Stark with the right equipment and plenty of well-financed scientific backing. You can't forget to trust the scientists, researchers, or experts - it would be a cardinal sin to fail to place your faith in these esteemed individuals selflessly acting in the pursuit of knowledge. This hyperreal heroism also means that you don't need to go through arduous decades-long character development to accumulate value and wisdom. Heroes don't need to face the odds and overcome immense hardship to have their stories passed down for generations. Instead, they just need to don the multi-billion-dollar technologically-advanced suit to become a crime fighter against a suspiciously bigoted villain. As heroism, through technology, becomes more democratized and accessible, any old idiot can become a hero. Heroes aren't cut from another cloth; even in your pitiful mediocrity you too could become a superhero. However, women in movies are mostly Mary Sues who can take on the most skilled swordsman, dexterous fighters, adept martial artists - the Mary Sue always had the power [read 'value'] within her, she just needed the confidence to unleash it upon the world. Men, on the other hand, as we previously established, would need decades to expertly patch together all the necessary attributes [read 'value'] to become a hero. I talk about comic book heroism at length because it is used on a daily basis to illustrate and simplify current affairs. Comic book heroism has replaced mythologies - but it encounters the insurmountable task of bridging various cultures, colors, and creeds. This is why a lot of stronger men can't relate. There are two final takeaways from this point: first, for most men, it is utterly futile to try to self-improve if anybody can become a hero with the right financial backing and technology, which reinforces the underlying envy of modern times and hatred for the higher man; second, you could spend years accumulating value only for a woman to come along and ruin it. A culture devoid of identity isn't one that lasts long - it's human nature to ascribe meaning, that is identity - to things and one another. We can celebrate other identities that fall into progressive intersections. Heck, Google will even unearth some obscure figur(ine) nobody ever heard about and caricature them for a day in celebration of X,Y,Z group's existence. If you're of European descent, there's no such celebration. And this is why so-called bugmen are such brilliant stewards of progress: consumerism fills the nihilistic void by offering fleeting dopamine hits; questioning the establishment narrative is too challenging, but enjoying the socio-cultural power it radiates - as they lack the attributes to climb the social ladder through their own devices - assures them a cushier lifestyle than militating against it. Every current incentive structure rewards emasculation. But not all is doom and gloom: it's never been an easier time to succeed - as the bar has never been set so low. You actually need to do very little to be above your peers.

Every current incentive structure rewards emasculation. But not all is doom and gloom: it's never been an easier time to succeed - as the bar has never been set so low. You actually need to do very little to be above your peers

MAN'S WORLD

What can you do?

While social pressures appear to be dire in some instances, you can rise above much of the self-deprecating miasma of modern Western society. First off, lifting weights is an indispensable life hack that will improve almost every facet of your life. And I'm not kidding, your confidence will skyrocket, your sex appeal will soar, your strength will be in-demand, your posture will improve, and you will become a better athlete. Lifting weights implicitly conveys that you have discipline, pain tolerance, and high energy, as all are needed to have a sick fizeek. The second thing you can do is to read old books. I don't mean trying to dust off Dark Age tomes in unspoken English, but you can start with pre-political-correctness-era history, history unblemished by spiteful revisionists, for example. Reading 19th century epic novels, philosophy, religious texts; ancient historians such as Thucydides, Herodotus, and Livy; self-help books, books on mindset; books on business and how to make money independently will all help you live as independently as possible away from contemporary society in a way that doesn't feel like you're part of their plans. Third, you should work towards stopping being a wage-slave. Unless you work for a boutique company that rejects many of the prevailing norms, the vast majority of megacorps have embraced a hostile worldview inextricably linked to consolidating their political power. Avoid these companies as much as you can if you intend to pursue a career in their field. Work towards setting up a side-hustle online - which is very easy to do. All you need to do is find a passion, network within that niche, then create some content or products within that niche or industry. Et voila, you have a side-hustle in no time. And if you work assiduously, you can turn that into your full-time employment and no longer be dependent on the system. Fourth, spend some time every week surrounded by nature. Spend some time every day meditating and away from social media. Walking is an amazing tool you can use to refresh your soul, parse your thoughts, recover your body from strenuous activity, burn fat, and help escape the hustle and bustle. If your mind is cluttered, meditation or prayer can help clear your mind like a good walk can. Finally, network with good frens; just because we have become increasingly atomized doesn't mean we can't make good friendships. A sense of community can be built online with like-minded individuals striving towards the same ends. Social media isn't just a place for shitpoasting or marketing, it's a great place to meet people. I know many suffer from social anxiety IRL and social media removes a lot of barriers one might erect to meeting people in real life. Putting all of these things together will immeasurably improve your quality of life.

Orwell's latest book, The Clowning of America is now available from Amazon @ https://amzn.to/2FqnigM, as well as his first book, A Matter of Time: How Time Preferences Make or Break Civilization.

BARKING AT THE HERD:

A MYTHIC MANIFESTO OF THE HEROIC

BY DOONVORCANNON

REG PARK

In this extract from his sophomore book, Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders, Raw Egg Nationalist describes the life and achievements of Reg Park, one of bodybuilding's first real superstars and the founder of the original Man's World magazine.

England, 1951. The country is still in the grip of austerity, half a decade after the massive exertions of the Second World War have come to an end. Food rationing is still in place. In London and other cities the remains of bombed-out buildings are still to be cleared. Scraggy-looking children with dirty faces play in the rubble.

Along a Camden street parades an enormous young man, a beautiful young lady on each arm. People stop and stare as they pass. He wears what must be a custom sports jacket – no tailor would stock an off-the-peg jacket with those proportions! Look at those shoulders, almost as wide as the pavement! The shutter closes. A perfect picture.

With his slick hair, chiselled jaw and winning smile, is this handsome young man a flash of California sunshine, in rainy old England? You might think so – after all that's where the world's biggest and most famous muscle men come from – but, no, this young man is not from California. He's taken the train down from Leeds, a northern city not known for its agreeable climate. This is Reg Park, England's home-grown Mr Universe.

Of the three bodybuilders in this book, Reg Park by far showed the most athletic potential as a young man: Chuck Sipes and Chet Yorton, by contrast, showed no more than average promise, and Chuck experienced disappointment and rejection in his quest to be a high-school football player. Reg's first love was also football – soccer that is – and he played both for his local school and, by the age of 15, for Leeds United's reserve team. He was a talented gymnast and track athlete too, with an impressive time in the 100m and strong distances in the long jump and discus. He looked to be well on course for a career as a footballer when a knee injury, suffered during a game, put paid to his dream. All three bodybuilders have this in common, a transformative accident early in adulthood, but Reg's was by far the least devastating, at least physically but probably mentally too. By all rights, Chuck and Chet's lives should have ended there and then, and they returned to normal life with the kind of determination and purpose that only men who have been to the edge and back – and know it – can show.

Reg's rehabilitation was gentle. It involved wearing an iron boot – leg extension machines were unknown in England then – and progressively increasing the number of extensions. As soon as they were able to after their accidents, Chuck and Chet threw themselves into weight training, Chuck having a prior interest and Chet developing one during his convalescence; Reg's transition into bodybuilding, however, took more time. He remained more interested in gymnastics than bodybuilding. One day, though, he saw a picture of the American bodybuilder Vic Nicolette doing a lat spread in Health and Strength magazine, and loved what he saw, deciding that he would try to emulate the newly crowned Mr New York City; but it was not until an encounter with a local muscle man at a swimming pool that he had his first real opportunity to do so.

In the Leeds of 1946, a man like Dave Cohen stood out a country mile, with his own impressive three-of-a-kind: 17" arms, a 17" neck and 17" calves. The two young men struck up a friendship and began to train together. Their first workouts took place in Cohen's mother's front room. The room was undecorated, with no carpet, and there was only a barbell and a pair of dumbbells (guys really live in apartments like this...). Bench presses were performed laying on top of a sack on the floor, and the two men also performed overhead presses, curls, squats and pullovers. By Reg's own admission, despite his later reputation as one of the strongest bodybuilders of his time, with a 500lb bench press and 600lb squat, the weights he started lifting were small, just 40lb for presses and curls. From small acorns...

The training with Dave Cohen came to an end after just three months, when Reg had to do his two years of national service, in the army. He spent most of his time in Singapore, as a physical trainer, which involved taking soldiers in exercise sessions from nine to five each day. Although he had no access to weights during those two years, he kept himself in great shape by falling back on his gymnastics training, and his friends in Leeds kept him up to date with the world of bodybuilding by sending him copies of magazines like Your Physique and Muscle Power. The story goes that when Reg discovered the 1948 Mr Universe would be held in London, to coincide with the Olympic Games, he proclaimed that one day he was going to win the contest himself. In fact, he would be the first person to do it twice, and would win three titles overall.

Returning to England, Reg set about achieving his bold aim. He trained in his parents' back garden with a load of weights and a jerry-built rack, a wooden bench, and an improvised pulley system that ran into his bedroom from the garden. From there, he moved to a gloomy, cold rented garage, not far from his home. The building had no electricity, and in winter was lit by two candles; temperatures regularly fell below zero, but the intensity of Reg's workouts was more than enough to keep him warm. Like Chuck Sipes, who trained out of his home garage, Reg was training with neighbourhood blokes, and he also relied on a simple list of equipment that included none of the machines to be found in American or even English gyms at the time. There was a squat rack, dip bars and a chin-up bar installed in the garage, as well as lots of old plates, but nothing more than that.

His first contest was Mr Northeast Britain, in March 1949, which he won comfortably, defeating the previous year's winner. This meant an automatic invitation to that year's Mr Britain. As Chet Yorton would, Reg was blowing away the established competition with barely any training at all. An image of him in Health and Strength magazine from just after his victory shows him at a weight of

around 205lb, with measurements as follow: neck 18", chest 49.5", waist 31", upper arm 16.5", thighs 25" and calves 16.5". He had only been training in the evenings after coming home from classes in business administration at a local college, but now, having finished his final exams, he could up his game. With his parents' help, he became the ultimate NEET gymcel, dedicating his entire day to training, and nothing else. All the while, his parents were scrounging extra tendies – meat was still on ration in Britain until 1951 – and fixing for him. With his father's help, and with just a month before the Mr Britain competition, Reg moved to London to train at Henry Atkin's Viking Gym.

His parents' scrounging and fixing, and his own hard training, which now took place in two daily sessions, six days a week at the Viking Gym, paid off: at the end of the month in London, he was 30 pounds heavier and ready to compete for the title of Mr Britain. On the night of the contest, in the presence of John Grimek, the American bodybuilder, who had been brought over as a guest judge, Reg won, beating among others John Lees, who would go on to win the Mr Universe in 1957. 'He's a very big man!' Grimek exclaimed, noting that Reg, of all the competitors, had the most 'American' physique. Now Reg knew he really could win the Mr Universe title.

Things would not quite go to plan, however, and it would take Reg two years before he won the coveted Universe title. Between his Mr Britain victory and his first shot at the Mr Universe, in 1950, Reg travelled to America, another gift from his parents, and was able to train with many American bodybuilders, including Clarence Ross, Marvin 'the Bench-press Freak' Eder, Abe Goldberg and George Eiferman. He also met Doug Hepburn, the Olympic weightlifter, who may have taught Reg the 5x5 routine with which he has become synonymous. Hepburn would go on to be the first man in the world to bench 500lb, in 1953, and Reg would equal that feat a year later, at a Health and Strength show, in Bristol. When he returned to the UK to compete in the Mr Universe, Reg was ten pounds lighter from all the travelling, and this counted against him. He came second to Steve Reeves, a bodybuilder regularly cited as having one of the most, if not the most, 'aesthetic' physiques of all time. Reeves was taller and heavier than Reg, and this seemed to be the deciding factor.

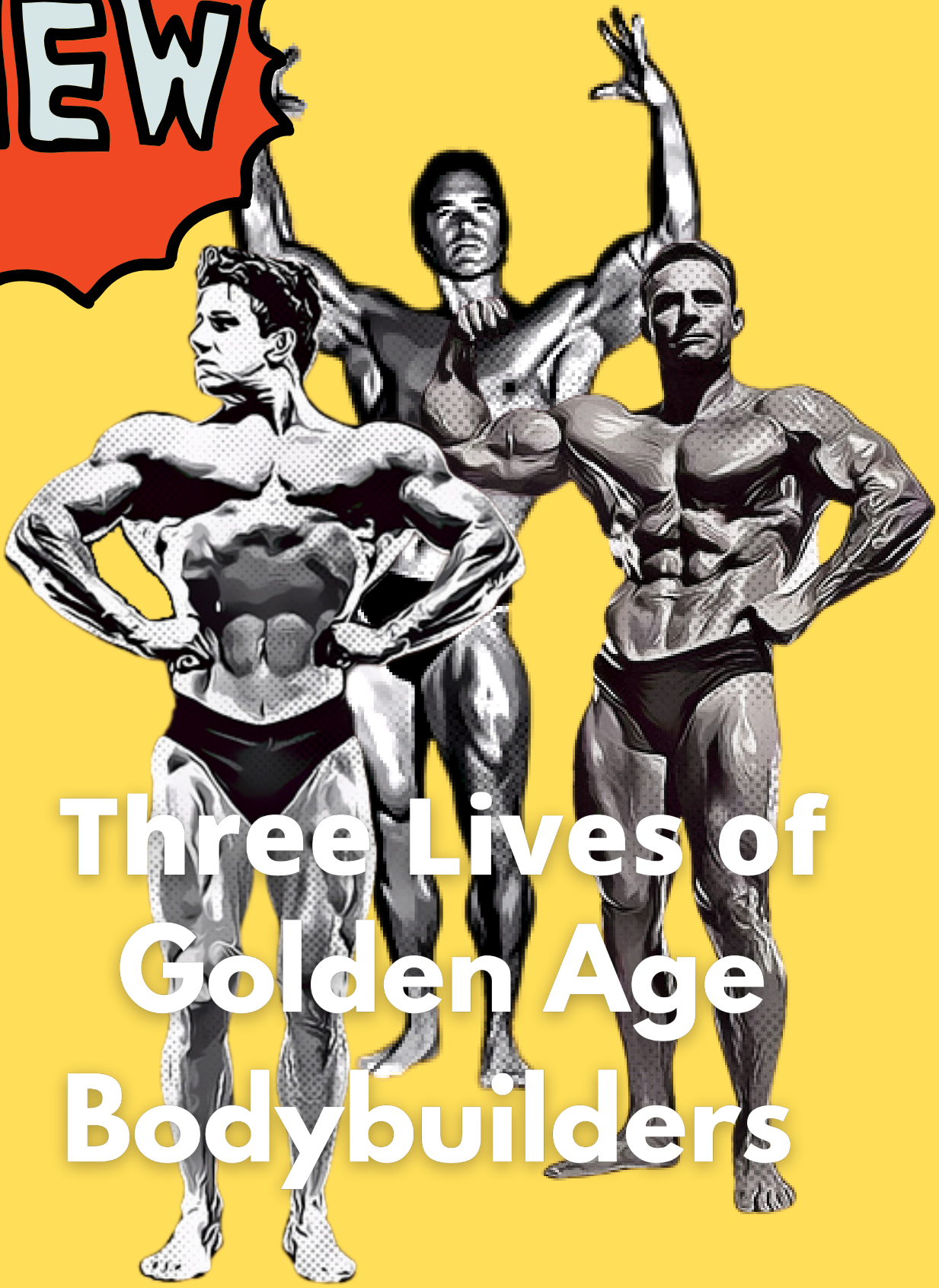
'On the day of the contest I weighed in at 215 lb. and Reeves at 225. Reeves was bigger than I was, but I was terribly muscular, with my legs, torso and arms cut up with definition. Reeves won the contest, but he was a very worried man prior to the announcement, and I recall the then editor of Health and Strength, Johnson, striving to convince him backstage that he had won. When I reflected that with less than two years' serious training I had given the very famous Steve Reeves, who had been training at least five years, such a good run for his money, I did not feel too bad, but then and there I was determined that no one would beat me in the 1951 Mr. Universe.'

In just two years, Reg had achieved his aim; at 23 he had won the Mr Universe. Having conquered the world of bodybuilding, he turned his attention to other interests, which included a burgeoning magazine business with Joe Weider, and his own range of exercise equipment – the Reg Park Barbell Company – and supplements. Between 1951 and 1956, his training was limited by his busy schedule, which included touring the US and Hawaii, Canada, South Africa, Rhodesia and Europe. Although Reg won 'the World's Best Developed Athlete' competition while in the US, he wouldn't compete again until 1958, when he entered, and won, the Mr Universe again, becoming the first man to do so twice. By this time, he was living in South Africa with his wife, Mareon, and their two young children, and running a health centre business. He had met Mareon on an earlier trip to the country, and they had moved back and forth between Leeds and South Africa before finally settling in Johannesburg. Her brother Johnny Isaacs was also a bodybuilder, and actually placed second to Reg in the 1958 Universe.

Through the sixties, as well as continuing to train and occasionally compete – he won his third and final Mr Universe in 1965 – Reg focused on expanding his business in South Africa into a chain of health centres, all fitted out with the most modern equipment. To promote the business, he invited many bodybuilders out to South Africa to stay with him, train and put on exhibitions, including a young Arnold Schwarzenegger. Reg was already a hero to Arnold by the time they first met, at Wag Bennett's gym in east London, in 1966.

Raw Egg Nationalist presents

NEW



Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders

Available now from Amazon, the Rogue Scholar bookstore or linktr.ee/raweggnationalist

'I was a 15-year-old farm kid growing up in Austria when I was first inspired by a bodybuilding magazine with a picture of him on the cover from one of his Hercules movies. My life was never the same.'

Like the man who beat him to the 1950 Mr Universe title, Steve Reeves, Reg also played Hercules on the silver screen, in four Italian-made films, as well as Samson in another, between 1961 and 1965.

Reg took a starstruck Arnold under his wing, and they toured the UK together before Reg invited him to come to South Africa. Arnold published an account of his stay in the German magazine Sport Revue. They swam on the beach at Durban, trained together and took part in various exhibitions of health and vitality. These included karate and judo performances, beauty pageants, bodybuilding competitions and individual posing routines involving Reg and Arnold.

A great experience – even for me – was Reg Park's posing freestyle, in my opinion the best in the world. Wonderful classical music accompanied his masculine, powerful poses. Nothing soft about him.'

The whole experience, especially the daily three-hour training sessions with Reg, clearly had a huge effect on Arnold. The next year he won the Mr Universe for the first time, after losing the previous year to Chet Yorton. But it was not just the training that left its mark on him. The son of an austere Sturmabteilung and Feldgendarmerie officer who was awarded the Iron Cross first and second class for bravery on the Eastern Front, Arnold was not used to the love and affection Reg displayed towards his wife and children, and which he extended also to his young Austrian guest.

'Seeing him so free with his hugs and kisses and affection, I realized that's the kind of father and husband I wanted to be. By example, he showed me what a truly full and successful life looked like.'

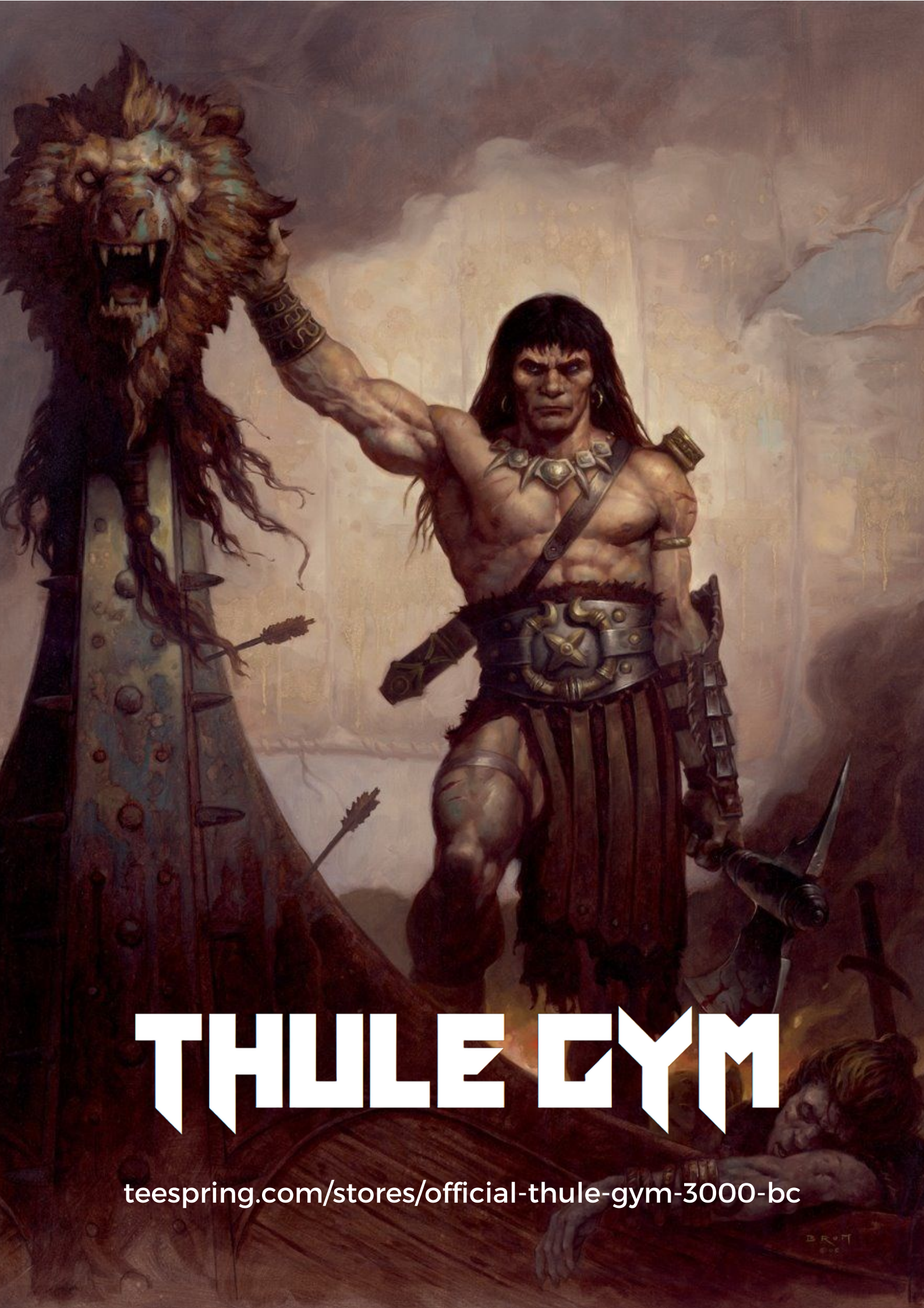
Reg and Arnold maintained a lifelong friendship.

The 1965 Mr Universe was Reg's last title. He competed again in the Mr Universe in 1970, but Arnold's time had come, and master now had to play second fiddle to disciple; he placed third the next year, with Bill Pearl, Chuck Sipes' mentor, winning the title; he tried again, for the last time, in 1973, but failed.

From then until the end of his life, Reg continued to promote his businesses and the sport of bodybuilding in South Africa. In 2007, he was diagnosed with skin cancer, which eventually made it impossible for him to continue training others. One of his final public appearances was at the Arnold Classic in that year, when Arnold presented him with a lifetime achievement award. Arnold's reaction as his mentor and friend joined him onstage – barely less giddy than a simp's reaction to a DM from his favourite E-girl – and the public response in South Africa to Reg's death a few months later – both were testament to a man who had done so much to inspire others, great and not so great, to become who they truly wanted to be. Reg was blessed, too, to have children to carry on his legacy: his son Jon Jon, owner of a gym in Los Angeles, and his daughter Jeunesse, founder of a non-profit organisation dedicated to preserving the environment of the beautiful country Reg had called his home for four decades.

'I was a 15-year-old farm kid growing up in Austria when I was first inspired by a bodybuilding magazine with a picture of him on the cover from one of his Hercules movies. My life was never the same.'

Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders is available in paperback and Kindle ebook formats from Amazon. A free pdf version, as well as free pdf versions of Raw Egg Nationalist's two other books, is available via linktr.ee/raweggnationalist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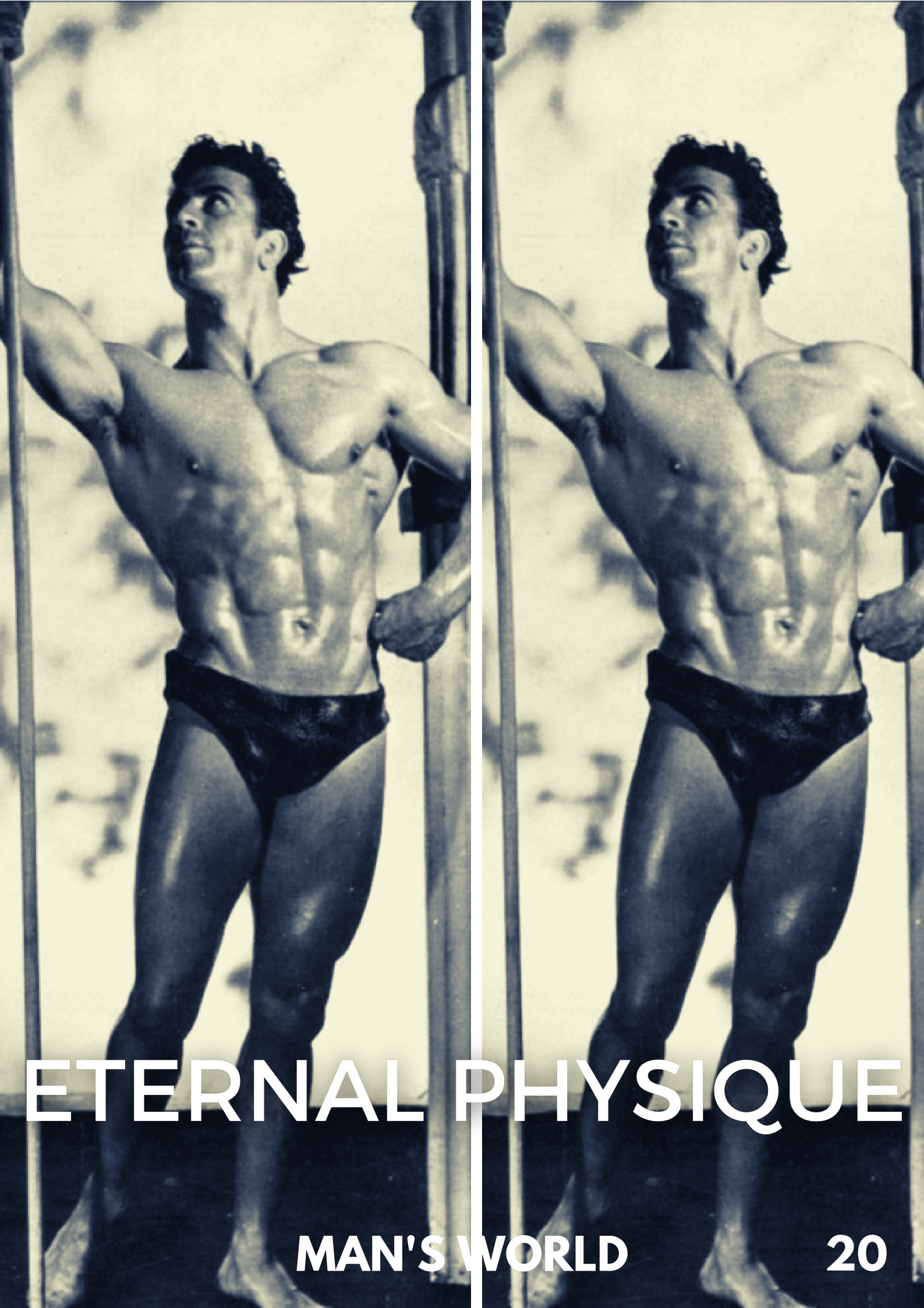

ETERNAL PHYSIQUE
MAN'S WORLD
20

ANDRÉ DRAPP

THE LION OF LORRAINE

War hero, bodybuilder, professional wrestler – André Drapp, the 'Lion of Lorraine', was all these things.

After fighting in the French Resistance during the Second World War and doing more than his fair share of killing, Drapp returned to bodybuilding competitions in his native France. His physique had suffered during the privations of the war years, but he soon packed on muscle and made a name for himself as one of Europe's premier muscle men.

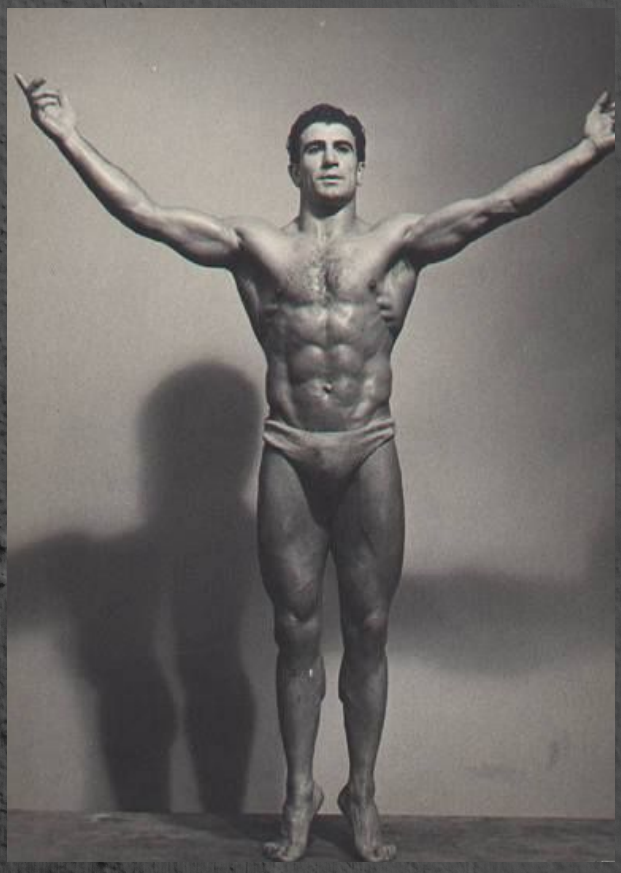
Having won Mr France in 1947, he competed in the following year's Mr Universe competition, held in London, finishing third to John Grimek and Steve Reeves.

Drapp, who was already known as an 'excellent wrestler' by this point, spent much of the next decade in the US, wrestling opponents that included Treacherous Phillips, Pancho Valentino, Angelo Cistaldo, Killer Karl Davis, Whitey Whittier, Tokyo Joe, Dizzy Davis, Jerry Graham, and Nick Kozak. He wrestled in Hollywood and at Madison Square Garden.

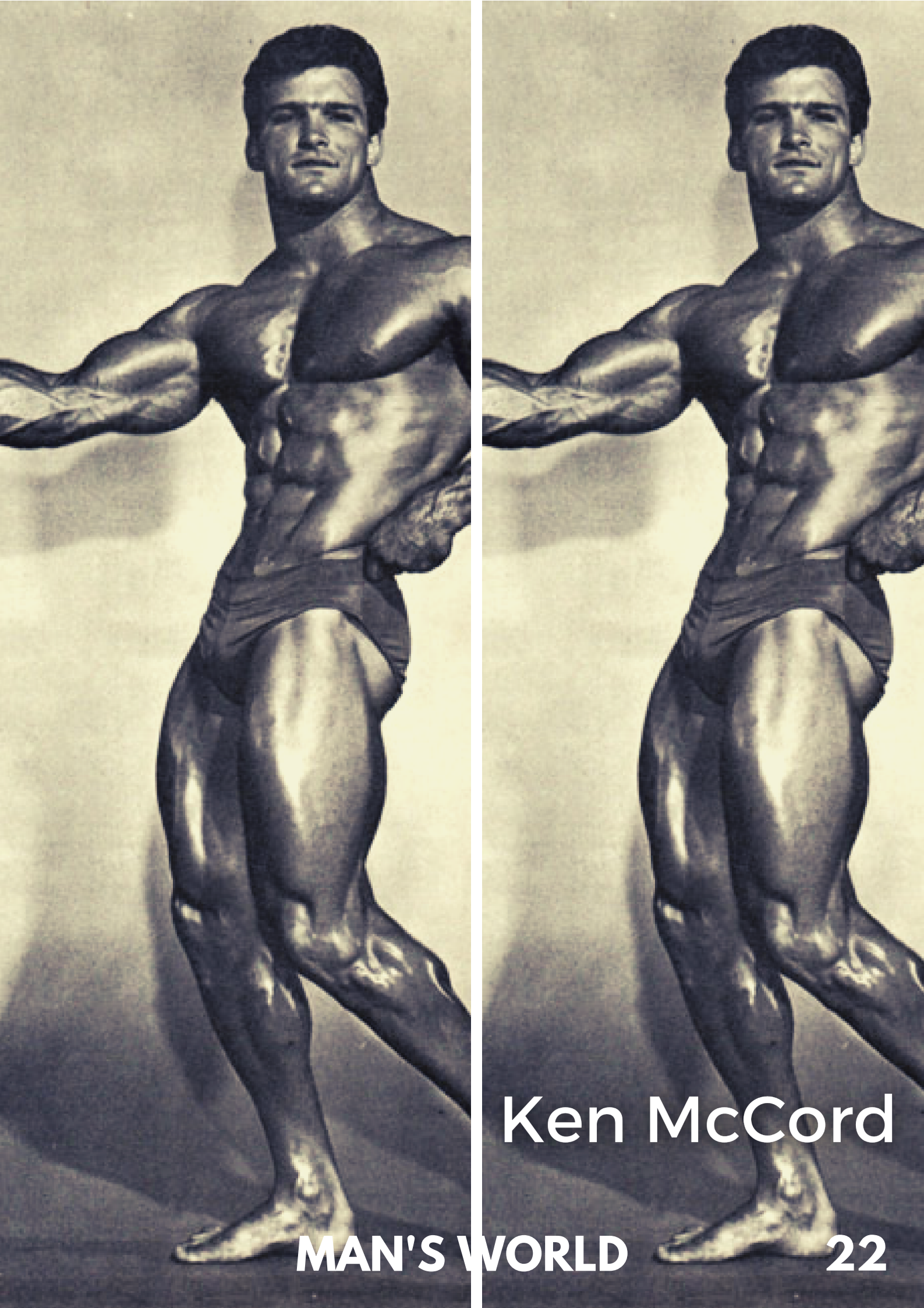
In 1956, Drapp returned to France and continued wrestling until 1972, when a car accident brought his career to an end. He had wrestled in over 3000 matches.

'Drapp was one of the most famous models of physical perfection in the entire Old World' Joe Weider

Words: Raw Egg Nationalist



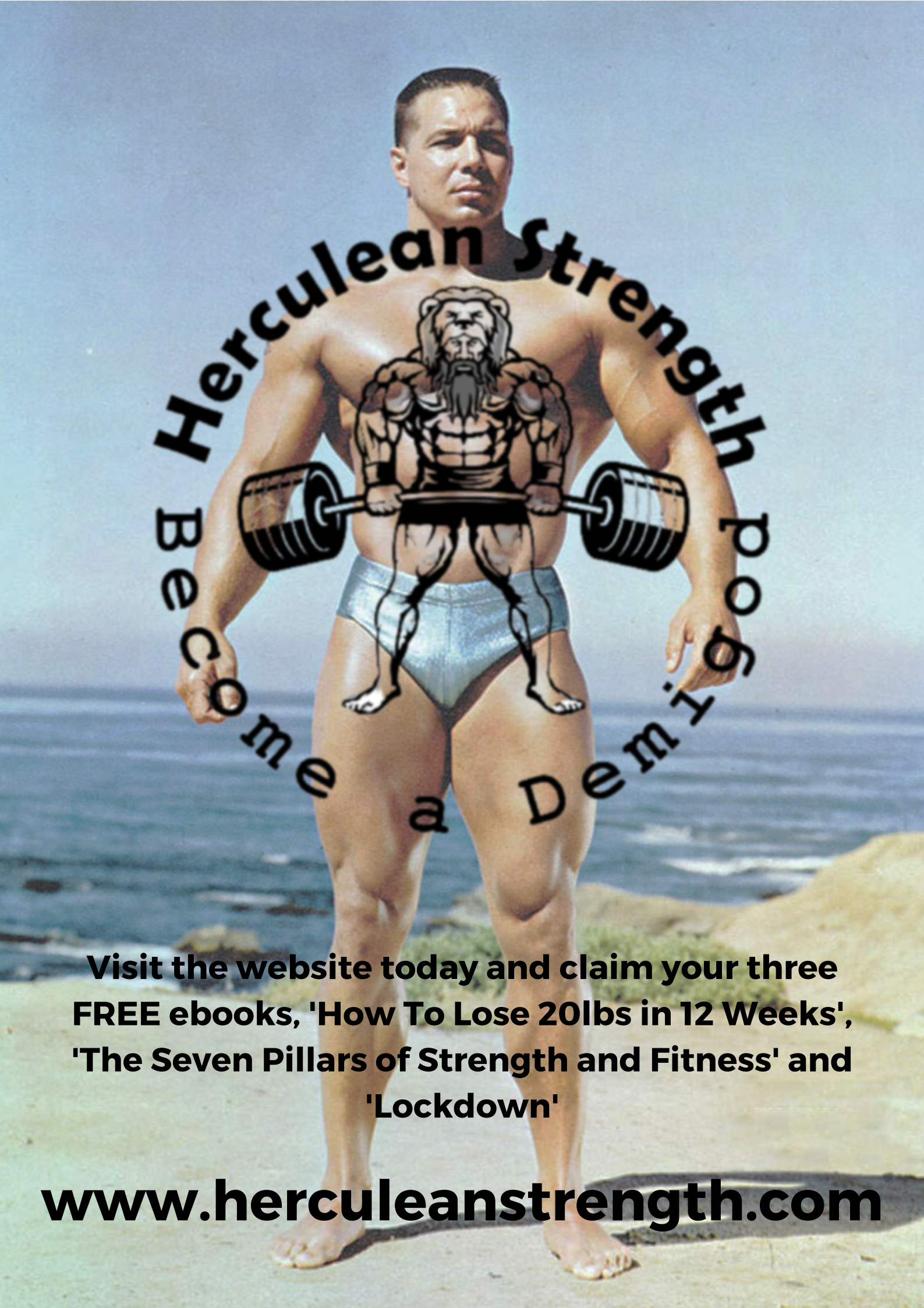
MAN'S WORLD


Ken McCord

Salvador Ruiz
MAN'S WORLD

Chet Yorton

Frank Zane
MAN'S WORLD



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MAN'S WORLD

A+M

'She is a happening all to herself. She is the type of girl men fought dragons for in mythology, the type that duels have been fought over.'
Delon on Faithfull

Alain Delon and Marianne Faithfull starred together in Jack Cardiff's 1968 film, Girl on a Motorcycle.

At the time, Marianne was Mick Jagger's girl, but that didn't stop her from flirting outrageously with Delon in the presence not only of Jagger himself but the assembled press. The result? One of the most enduring images of the phenomenon known as 'mogging'.

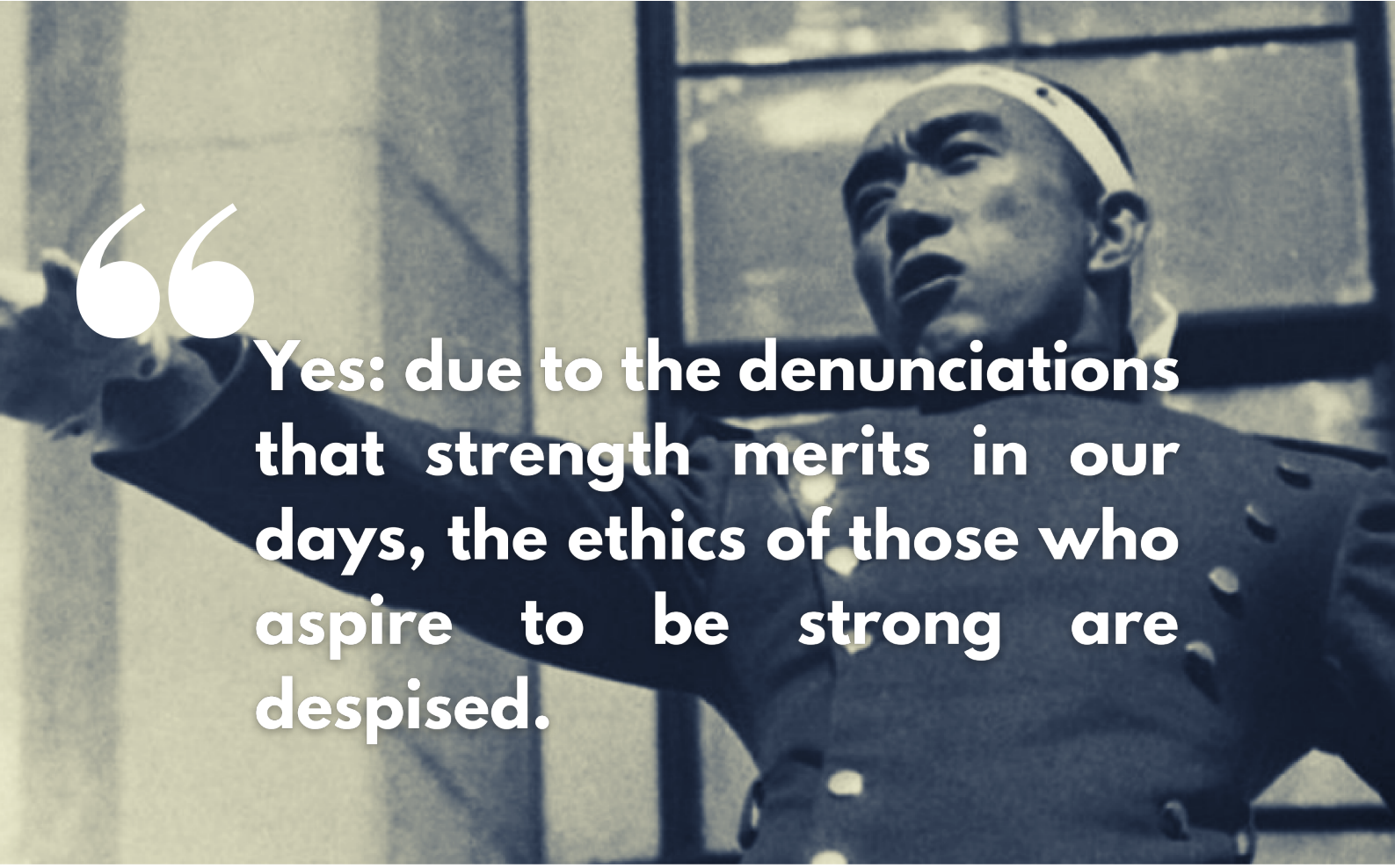
In a letter to a fan, Marianne would later claim that she never in fact fancied Delon.

'Mick was very jealous & possessive at that moment; unusual for him; not like that (all our friends were gay, except Keith, so.....but I didn't fancy Delon; not my type at all, so no worries'

I'm sorry but idontbelieveyou.gif

Words: Raw Egg Nationalist

MAN'S WORLD

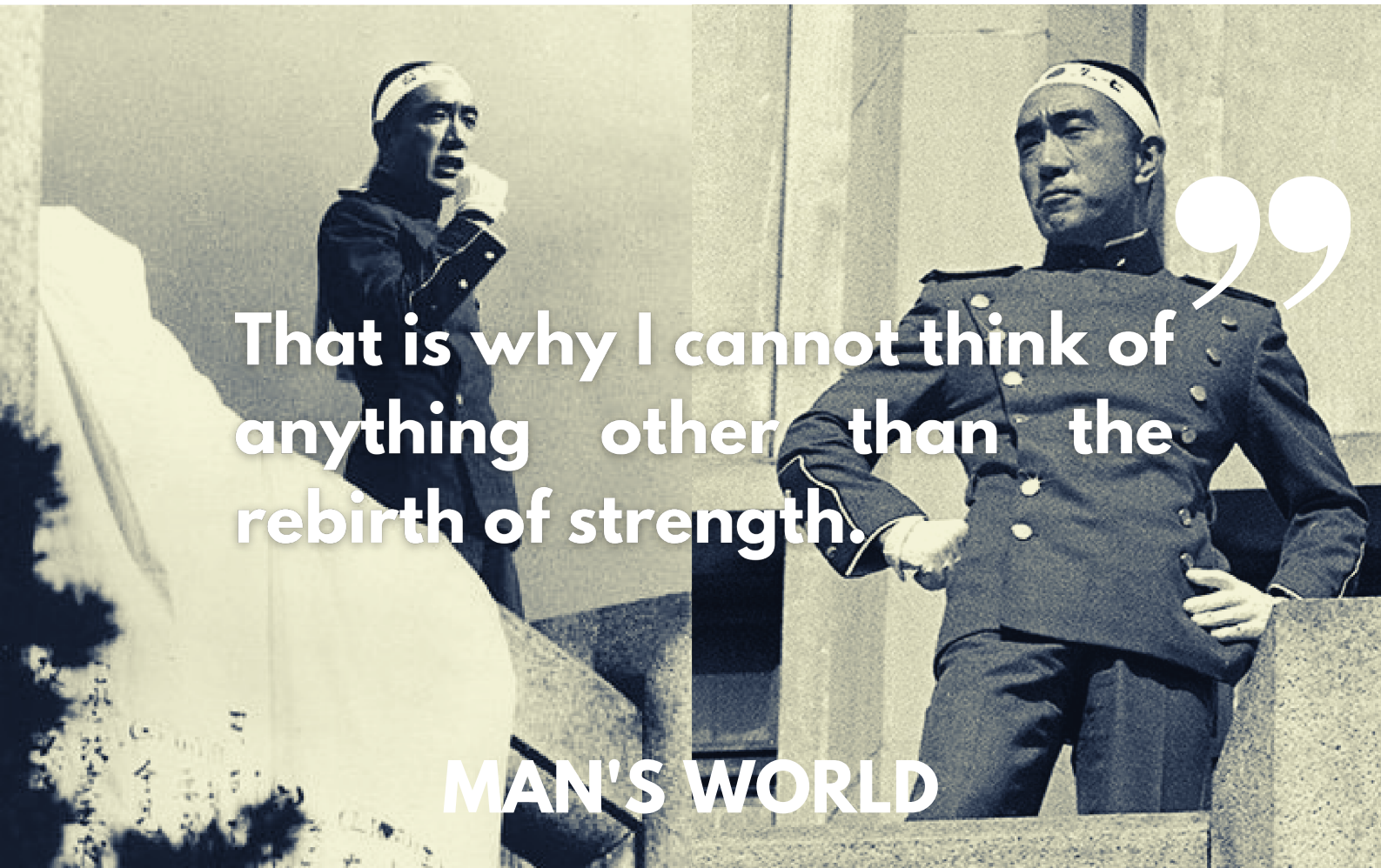


“Yes: due to the denunciations that strength merits in our days, the ethics of those who aspire to be strong are despised.

LAST RITES

Only days before his death by ritual seppuku after a failed coup, Yukio Mishima sat down for an interview with the literary critic Takashi Furubayashi. This is an excerpt from that interview.

Translation: Semmelweis (@semmelweis7)



That is why I cannot think of anything other than the rebirth of strength.”

MAN'S WORLD

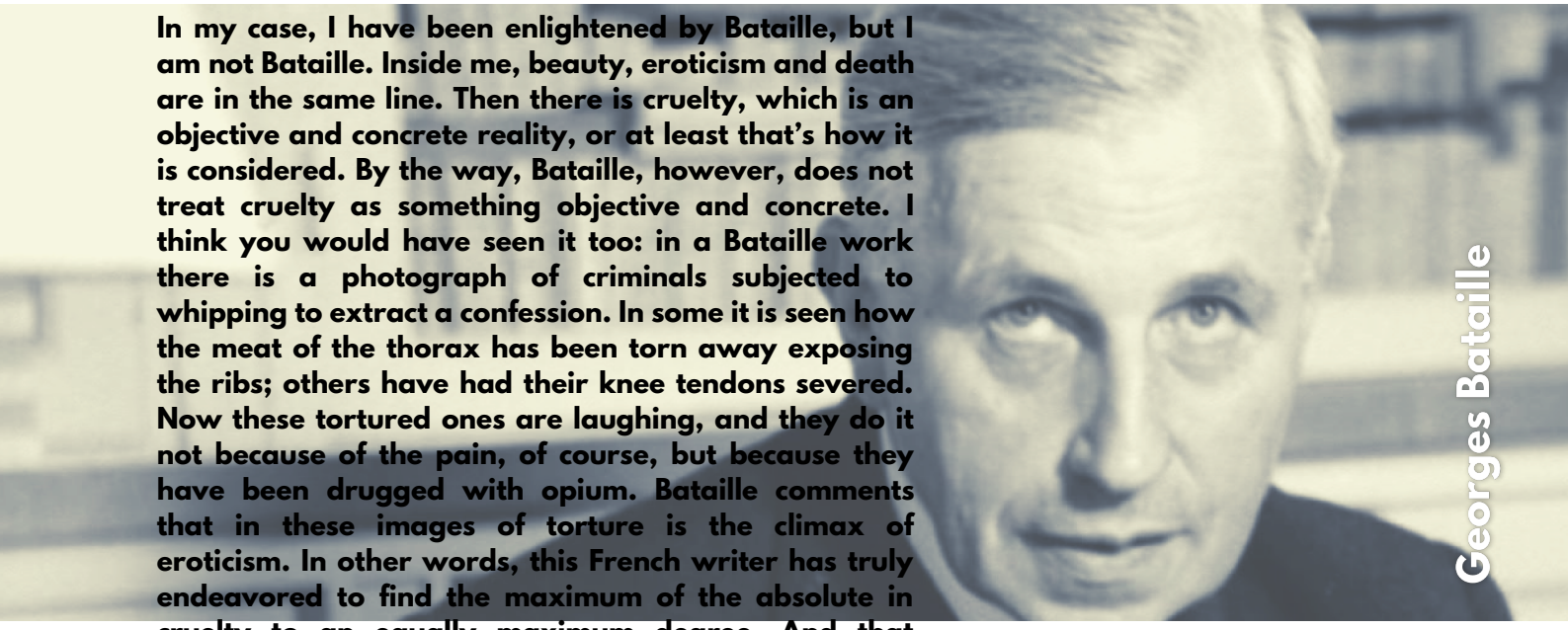
Yukio Mishima
...For some time I believed in my ability to exert self-control by force, immersing myself in the world of classicism or, rather, neoclassicism, in the world of a work like The Sound of Waves. In those years, I cherished the illusion of being able to establish myself as a new kind of writer, a man capable of totally dominating with reason an aesthetic universe of classicist overtones and until then unusual in Japan. But it didn't take long for me to realize that I was wrong. I was forced to admit that there were things inside me that I could never control with reason. In other words, I could not prevent within myself the rebirth of that romanticism that I had once strongly repudiated. When I understood that my nature was romantic, I went back to the origins, to adolescence. And when I returned to adolescence, all things suddenly came out, as if it were Pandora's box. It is true that, to be honest, people could laugh at me or criticize me, but it seemed to me that I had no other way out than to be true to myself, faithful to the self that returned to its origins. I think that people who are ideologically distant from me or who belong to another generation will find it difficult to understand the state of mind that I am describing.

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN DEATH AND EROTICISM

Takashi Furubayashi
Perhaps because I am among those people who find it difficult to understand, I would like to insist on the subject. I mean the aesthetics of feelings. In you as a writer, Mr. Mishima, there has always been a kind of tendency to aspire to purity. It is, how shall we say, a true Mishimian stereotype. For example, the protagonist of The Sound of Waves, the work mentioned a moment ago, and also that of Sword are young people who have not read a book; only their splendid bodies are molded as if they were Greek statues. The lieutenant who plays the leading role in the story Patriotism. And even the figure of the beautiful wife dressed in immaculate white and ready to follow her husband in suicide, have the vision of the imperial family, the nation, the flag of the regiment. There is also the image of the emperor that is described in Voices of the Heroic Dead, mounted on a white steed from whose nostrils the mist of an equally white breath comes out and pierces the white snow on top of a hill ... Likewise, the stories of your first period, you usually set them with an intense blue sea, with very white clouds, without missing the usual immaculately white snow. By the way, you wrote a novel called Pure White Nights. In short, whether it is characters or landscapes, they are all always shown wrapped in models of purity. It does not seem to me that this particularity can be dismissed simply on the grounds that it is a matter of taste. But what I am going to do: you know well that in the world that you describe with these images of white and purity, crudeness and violence are also hidden, but you, Mr. Mishima, deliberately ignore this fact. My opinion is that you are deceiving yourself and your readers when you say that such artificial exclusion represents that return to adolescence to which you have just alluded. Not only that: such an exclusion can even work as long as it remains within the limits of a personal aesthetic value arising from the inner world. But the matter gets complicated when the writer's point of view stops when it comes to assessing social facts and making historical value judgments through the mouth of his characters. Let's take an example. As you describe it, the 'two-two-six' incident, [the coup attempt of February 26, 1936] which you like so much, becomes, more than anything, an insurrection that takes place in the framework of a landscape with very white snow. Over time, that snow naturally melts and becomes muddy, but this picture does not enter the visual field of your literary landscapes at all, Mr. Mishima. Similarly, when you describe the insurgent officers, you only highlight their individual feelings, which you mix with the beauty of white snow. It seems that you do not give the slightest thought to the fallen people because of the incident. Why are your stories always like this? Honestly, I can't understand it. I admit that it is very good to evoke purity, but why not take at least a look at the victims as well?

The fact that I am obsessed with 'the beauty of feelings', as you put it, may be related to eroticism. In 1955 I met Georges Bataille. I think he is the European thinker with whom I have felt the most affinity. I find Bataille's formulation of the intimate relationship between death and eroticism of great interest, as well as his notions of 'prohibition' and of the 'routine liberated by prohibition'. In Japanese ethnology we distinguish between the concepts of 'purity' and 'impurity', which, in my opinion, correspond perfectly to Bataille's two notions. In this way, just as without purity there is no impurity, and vice versa, without prohibition there is no routine liberated by it. Now, as current life, affected by the relativism of our beliefs, has stopped experiencing absolute purity, he knows only 'impurity', that is, routine or everyday life. Nothing absolute can come from the relativism that affects our society. And as long as there are no absolutes, eroticism cannot exist. According to Bataille, eroticism only shows its true face when it makes contact with the absolute.

In your case, Mr. Mishima, it seems that the absolute immediately makes contact with the image of the emperor. For this reason, eroticism in your case is stripped of sex and ends up flying to the level of abstract concepts. But, if I remember correctly, Bataille developed this strange theory of his during the anti-fascist struggle, which was nothing more than the concrete activity of a routine.

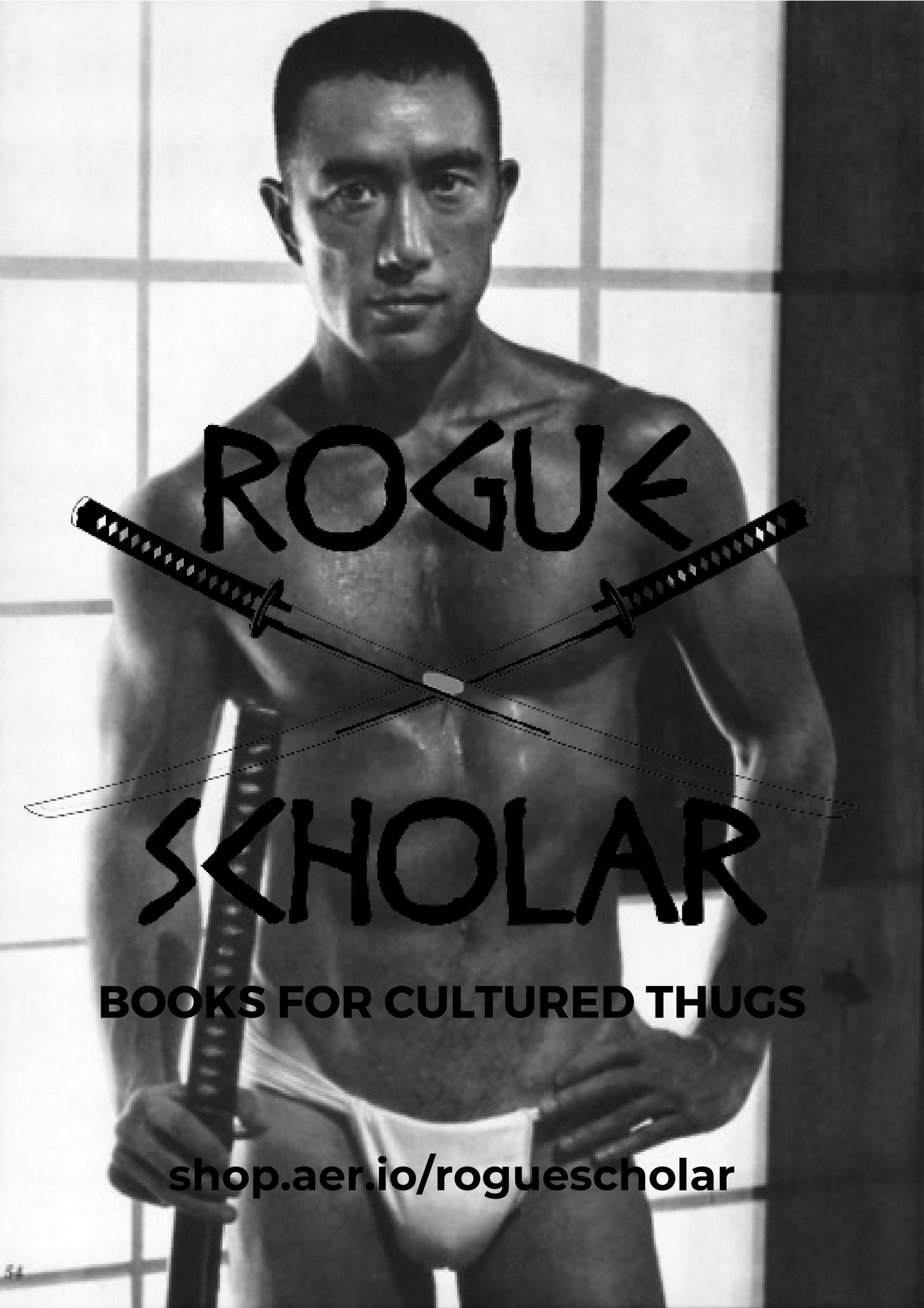


In my case, I have been enlightened by Bataille, but I am not Bataille. Inside me, beauty, eroticism and death are in the same line. Then there is cruelty, which is an objective and concrete reality, or at least that's how it is considered. By the way, Bataille, however, does not treat cruelty as something objective and concrete. I think you would have seen it too: in a Bataille work there is a photograph of criminals subjected to whipping to extract a confession. In some it is seen how the meat of the thorax has been torn away exposing the ribs; others have had their knee tendons severed. Now these tortured ones are laughing, and they do it not because of the pain, of course, but because they have been drugged with opium. Bataille comments that in these images of torture is the climax of eroticism. In other words, this French writer has truly endeavored to find the maximum of the absolute in cruelty to an equally maximum degree. And that because he was convinced that the human being of today can only be saved if he recovers the totality of his life by virtue of the performance of acts like these. I agree with Bataille. By the way, you think that the immaculate white that I use in my works is an abstract idea, while the cruelty is something objective and concrete, right?

If white is an abstract idea then cruelty is too

...Well, I don't think so. If white is an abstract idea, then cruelty is too. If the target is objective and concrete, then the cruelty is equally objective and concrete. I cannot imagine the two things in the same dimension. Someone with malice might think: 'He who does not know adversity, does not know war, does not know misery, by force has to see things superficially.'

MAN'S WORLD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A CURRENT AGE THAT DESPISES STRENGTH

However, Mr. Furubayashi, I, in my own way, have seen what war is. For example, when I was mobilized to work in Labor Services, my co-workers fell under machine guns from enemy planes. I saw how, like fish when they bleed, their bodies spurted blood everywhere. Yes, I know all that. Of course not as much as in the pages of the The Tale of the Heike [Heike monogatari], but I can say that I have witnessed how people died at the moment when they least expected it and I have observed their corpses. In short, I cannot affirm: 'Since I have seen a hundred corpses and you only three, my experience of war is more profound.' Nor is it: 'Because I am poorer than you, my experience of life is deeper.' I now remember the passage from a book by Kamo no Chōmei where he counted the dead on the river bank. The feelings of that Chōmei seem magnificent to me. Numerical abstraction ... ! It is enough to observe a single corpse for a long time if we want to capture the essence of something through the prism of cruelty: Tanizaki has done so through an impure vision. And so did Chōmei when he began to count the dead one by one.

Is that the claim of a pure observer? Is that what you mean? In the Story of a Journey under the Wind and the Rain, the poet Bashō noticed that there was an abandoned child crying by the side of the road, but he passed by saying: 'Cry for your misfortune, for such is your destination.' Are you referring to such feelings?

Well, I think the feeling of helping the weak is a very beautiful thing. If I had been in Bashō's place, I probably wouldn't have acted so coldly. But if I stop to think about what my duty should be, I don't feel called to save that child either. There will always be someone willing to help the weak. In other words, weakness must be left as it is. Rather, it can be said that we currently live in an age in which it is strength that is mistreated. Yes: due to the denunciations that strength merits in our days, the ethics of those who aspire to be strong are despised. That is why I cannot think of anything other than the rebirth of strength. No matter how hard-headed you may consider me, I will not stop stating that my mission in this life is the rebirth of strength.

And what if, at the cost of protecting strength, it turns out that the weak are offended?

I am sick of hearing the idea, commonplace in the post-war period in this part, that terrorism is wrong and has killed people. In the Russian Revolution and also in the French one they killed all the nobles. If they had asked the revolutionaries: 'Hey, you! Hasn't it occurred to you to think about everything Marie Antoinette suffered when she was killed?' Would the revolutionary current have stopped? For my part, if I could help the weak, I would. Do you know why I admire the officers who rose up in the 'two-two-six' incident? Because they did not shed the blood of any woman or child. I think it was great. It's dirty to kill women and children. In today's wars, like this one in Vietnam, people are killed indiscriminately, regardless of whether they're women or children. It's dirty; and I hate dirt. But when we talk about a beautiful act, even a terrorist one, I approve of it. The human being has to be strong.

Wow, I have the feeling that I am hearing some of the Warring States-era philosophy of our country!

Of course! It is the feeling of what Buddhism calls the Post-Dharma Era. So many corpses were piling up before Kamo no Chōmei's eyes and they were so scattered everywhere that he couldn't do anything but count them ...

MAN'S WORLD

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN 'ARMS' AND 'LETTERS'

Is that your way of arms and letters? One can't help but think that while the samurai Mishima acknowledges terrorism, the writer Mishima shouldn't ...

I believe that the path of the sword and the pen, in short, should not diverge. It is an extremely difficult dualism to put into practice. Weapons and letters can travel temporarily isolated paths, but in the end they have to converge on the same path. In my current situation, I exercise separately sometimes in weapons, sometimes in letters. When, for example, I indulge in something like an ideological movement and my writing is not influenced by it, even if it is minimal, the feeling I have is one of defeat. If I take care of a novel, when I start to write it, I want to pour myself into it with all the energy that I can get from within myself. Conversely, if I am concerned with a non-literary activity, such as an ideological movement — and it doesn't have to be something of the utmost importance — the feeling I have is to give of myself everything until death and, considering my age, not to be outdone by the young.

The Shield Society, led by Mishima

That must be the reason for not committing yourself to politics, the reason for not doing like the writer Shintarō Ishihara, who has become a deputy. Is that so?

Yes I think so. Since I detest everything that is not pure, I would not wish to receive any salary from the Liberal Democratic Party. If I received some money from them, from politicians, everything I want to say would go to ruin. Put plainly: at this moment I am an anti-political being. All I want to make now is a movement for justice. And I say this knowing that maybe someone will laugh. My goal is to promote justice in today's world. Yoshida Shōin's lifestyle. Indeed, I don't think there is any other way to promote justice.

Is your Shield Society going to promote it? ... I am not interested in movements of a spiritual order, but it seems to me that the so-called human being has no other way than to live according to what he has chosen and to remain faithful to his Will. If, as a result, this is how a social revolution is achieved, I think it is enough. What I don't like is that it is others who impose their justice on me.

The problem for me is justice. I don't care what people say.

(Interview continues on page 94)

BRONZE AGE PERVERT

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The Clinical Approach

Words: Dr Ben Braddock (@graduatedben)

Modern medicine has come to be the state religion of the kleptocratic blob of castrati that run our political institutions and cultural organs. It is a weird blend of transhumanism in ideology and nihilistic materialism in reality. The transhumanist dream was 'Better Living Through Chemistry'. But the better life never materialized. The chemistry resulted in disease, deformity, and derangement. A population that is sicker than it has ever been, as the false god of technology has been foiled at every turn by the warrior angel that guards the gates of Eden, forever separating man from the Tree of Life. What has developed in practice is nihilistic materialism, with wealth, not health, as the prime mover of the bio-medical establishment.

Write a script, get them in and out as quickly as possible, squeeze as much as you can out of their insurance or Medicare, update their chart to say 'deceased'. Repeat. There are many good doctors in this country, and many more who start out that way. But it's a brutal, corrupt system that turns many promising young med school graduates into shadows of their former selves. You either die a hero, or you practice medicine long enough to see yourself become the villain. Being a good doctor in America is like being a drop of bleach in a sewer. Except in this sewer the rats can complain to hospital administrators if you tell them that they're obese.

Medical error is the third-leading cause of death, directly killing over 250,000 Americans per year. And that was before Covid-19, which has been marked by a massive number of patients dying because of proper therapeutic treatment being withheld or improper treatment given, in particular the widespread and destructive use of mechanical ventilation.

But aside from error, many common medical treatments are iatrogenic even when followed exactly according to protocol. Rather than addressing the root causes of Type II diabetes (insulin resistance), it's not uncommon for doctors to prescribe a steadily increasing dosage of insulin (only appropriate for Type I diabetes), which inevitably results in amputation, blindness, and finally death. All for a disease that can be addressed with diet and exercise. Many patients contribute to this insanity through their own refusal to make even the most rudimentary lifestyle changes. Many doctors just give up trying.

There is shockingly widespread ignorance of some of the most basic physiological systems. A depressing number of general practitioners don't know the first thing about the role of cholesterol in the body, or the basic functions of the endocrine system.

Write a script, get them in and out as quickly as possible, squeeze as much as you can out of their insurance or Medicare, update their chart to say 'deceased'.

There are also mad doctors running amuck, they've moved on from lobotomies to castrating young boys and calling the axe wound where their genitals used to be a 'vagina'. In the Los Angeles County School System, it was recently revealed that some pubescent boys were given estrogen pills without their parents' knowledge by the school medical staff in hopes that it would 'curb their aggression'. They grew female breasts.

THE CLINICAL APPROACH

The clinical approach is simple enough: Focus on what works in practice. Be proactive. Empower and encourage patients to take their healthcare into their own hands. Set up a roadmap for health that has actions and goals for the short-term, medium-term, and long-term. Use studies as a research tool, but know how to read them and what their

limitations are. Take nothing for granted and keep an open mind. Use your experience as a guide and don't overspecialize. Aim for optimal and not just sufficient. And never let yourself get tunnel vision by ignoring the interdependence of physiological systems.

One of the common features of modern medicine in the Covid-19 pandemic has been the insistence of practitioners on proving a theoretical mechanism of action before using it. This would be understandable in the case of treatments with significant side effects, but this complaint is seen even when patients seek prescriptions for treatments with a good safety profile. A friend recently showed me his doctor's reply to his request for an ivermectin prescription. Ivermectin is an anti-parasitic drug most commonly used in the United States for the treatment of head lice. It has also had impressive clinical results in the treatment of Covid-19. This doctor refused to fill out the prescription, on the grounds that 'the serum levels achieved with Ivermectin may not be adequate to suppress the virus replicase'. No matter that study after study has confirmed Ivermectin's ability to lower the severity and mortality of Covid, there are questions around how it does this so we're going to deny you access to treatment. I say if it works in practice, and you're confronting a life-threatening disease, just do it.

I can't keep you from dying of heart disease or diabetes if you can't keep yourself from going to McDonalds.

Proactivity is another distinction of this approach. Instead of the conventional way Covid-19 is being treated — take Advil for the fever and go to the hospital when you can't breath — this approach calls for fighting the invading virus early and aggressively on the beaches, denying it the foothold it needs to mount a full invasion. When something threatens your health, you need to mount a shock and awe counteroffensive. This doesn't mean that we go nuts and attack wildly, but that we have a disciplined and aggressive mindset, following our plan of action with discipline and focus. We have to move past this dynamic of active providers and passive patients, to a new dynamic in which the doctor is a good general and the patient is a good soldier. The tasks are different, but both are disciplined and relentlessly focused on defeating the enemy. The best general in the world can't win a war unless he has good soldiers, and the best soldiers in the world can't win a war with crappy generals. I can't keep you from dying of heart disease or diabetes if you can't keep yourself from going to McDonalds.

Modern medicine focuses on symptoms, which is not bad in and of itself — these are usually of the most pressing immediate concern — but in practice tends to exclusively focus on the symptoms. Functional medicine addresses the causes, and if you catch it in time this is generally sufficient. But this usually goes out the window in acute and emergency cases when the patient is thrown into the modern medicine paradigm.

The clinical approach involves using functional medicine to build a strong base level of health and treat diseases where the progression is slow enough to allow for this, but also improving on symptomatic treatment to buy patients and providers time to work on root causes. In other words, by all means put a band-aid on a bullet wound if a band-aid is all you have and you need to stop the bleeding, but this has to be followed up with a better long-term fix. In Covid for instance, serum levels of PUFA are indicated

in disease severity and mortality. Functional medicine would indicate a programme of PUFA elimination by removing PUFAs from the diet, and those who have already done that will have improved their odds greatly already. But this is a process that can take up to four years to fully realize. So a patient who has been cooking with vegetable oil up until last week will need a stopgap, fortunately we have some — the clinical approach would indicate early use of therapeutic agents like aspirin and niacin that temporarily lower the levels of serum PUFAs (in the case of niacin, only the immediate-release nicotinic acid form of niacin will do the job — it is one of the single most effective treatments for improving a patient's cholesterol profile, but non-flushing niacin is inefficacious).

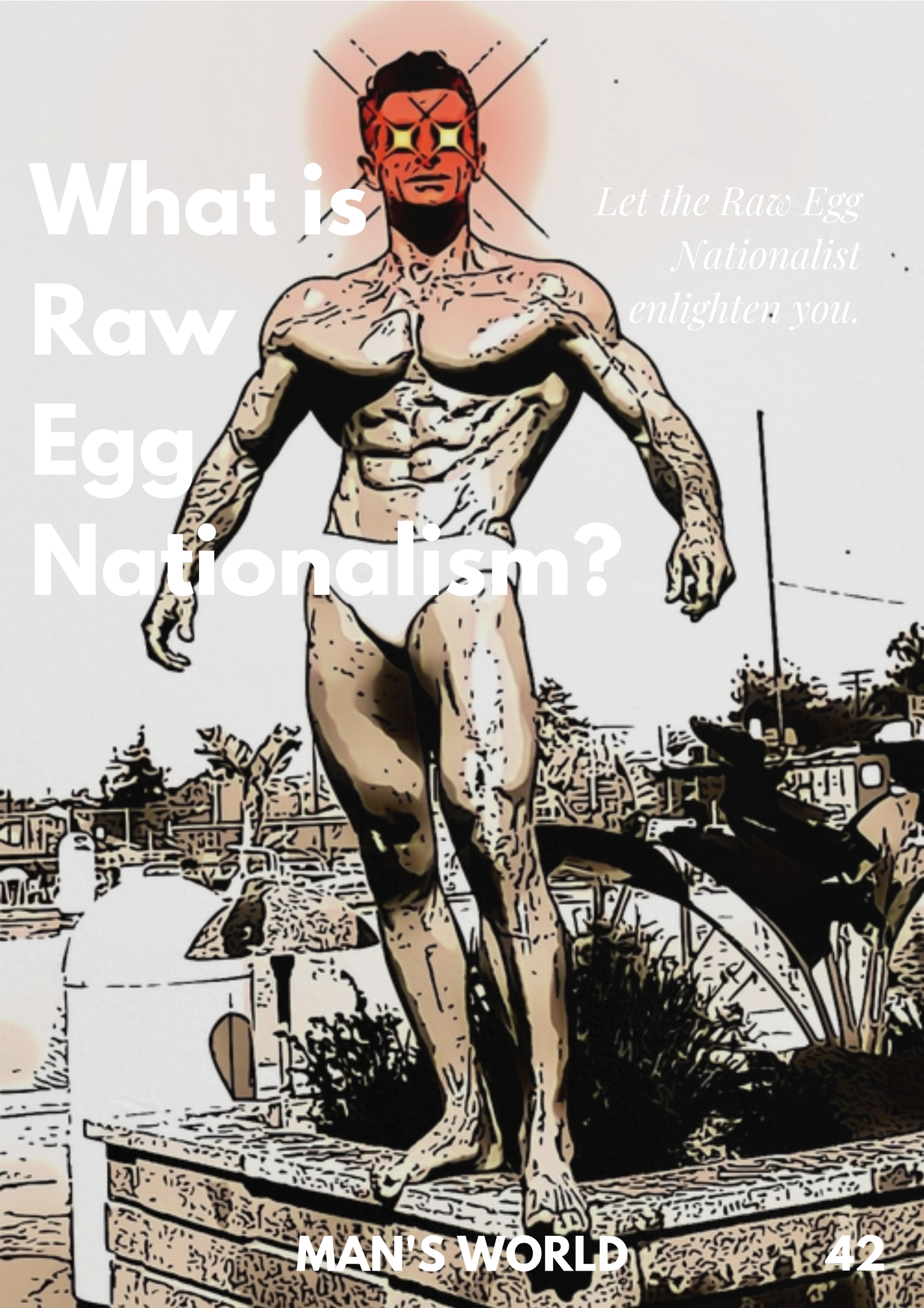
Flexibility is another key distinguishing feature of what I'm advocating. Too often doctors fall into the trap of received wisdom. For years they've given bad advice like 'don't eat more than two egg yolks a day or you'll get heart disease' because they've heard it from eminent public health institutions and professionals. So much is repeated without anyone bothering to investigate if it's true or not. We do things because that's how they are done. Case closed. The education of a good doctor is never complete but is an ongoing process. Keeping your eyes, ears, and mind open is essential to this. Learn to recognize patterns. Research what you take for granted and test your assumptions. As you gain experience, you'll learn what to keep and what to discard.

Fitness and nutrition is something of an afterthought among conventional practitioners and its no wonder why: most patients lack the interest and the will to follow a proper exercise and nutrition regimen. It doesn't fit with their experience with doctors or expectations of what it takes to correct a health issue. Decades of Big Pharma marketing have left the masses with the impression that if a problem develops, there's a pill for that. Even among the fitness community, health is a secondary consideration. Most people don't work out to improve health, but in order to get hotter or boost athletic performance. Which is a noble goal — I encourage this — but I know many men and women who have let themselves go after marriage, at precisely the worst time: their childbearing years. The quality of your fitness and nutrition have a major impact on your fertility, your children's health, and whether you'll be around to see your grandchildren. This is one area where I think we're actually seeing a lot of positive development. More and more people are coming to see health as a matter of personal initiative and not something you just leave up to the medical system. With better patients there will be more demand for good doctors, which we are already seeing in the increased availability of non-surgical, non-pharmaceutical therapies and practitioners. The task before us is to grow our movement among clinicians and the public, and to take on the entrenched special interests and medical establishment by mocking, humiliating, and subverting them. Someone should moon Fauci.

Ben Braddock's writing, on a wide variety of subjects, is available at benjaminbraddock.substack.com

What is Raw Egg Nationalism?

Let the Raw Egg Nationalist enlighten you.



Little did I know in the summer of 2020 when I wrote Raw Egg Nationalism in Theory and Practice just how much of an impact one esoteric cookbook could have. What began as a humorous attempt to give form to my own thoughts on the subject has, barely six months later, been downloaded 20,000 times and sold hundreds of copies in paperback format on Amazon. Nobody, least of all myself, could have predicted this. And yet, despite my surprise at my own success, it is a movement I truly believe in.

Klaus Schwab, founder and chairman of the World Economic Forum

So what is raw egg nationalism? In the simplest of terms, raw egg nationalism is an ethical and political movement that blends an insistence on individual health and vitality, as exemplified by the consumption of massive amounts of raw eggs, with an anti-globalist political stance. The two things are intimately related, however strange it may seem on the face of things. In a very real sense, it is the same forces that tell you not to eat raw eggs – one of the most perfect natural foods in existence – that are leading the anti-human political crusade that seeks to crush the human spirit and destroy the nations, all in the name of profit and global political control.

Globalism, the Great Reset, the NWO, the Lords of Lies, the 500 Names – the great enemy can be called many things. What they want is for you to be fat, sick, depressed and isolated, the better to control you and to milk you of as much economic value as possible, from cradle to grave. You and everybody you know and love are simply a resource to be mined, processed and, finally, discarded. Your name is not on the list; it never was and it never will be.

If at the individual level an insistence on physical fitness, proper nutrition and the cultivation of friendships with like-minded individuals is the best way to fight this evil, there can be no doubt that, at the supra-individual or institutional level, only a politics of nationalism will suffice. Only strong nations, confident and united in their own self-interest, can resist the global game of divide and rule.

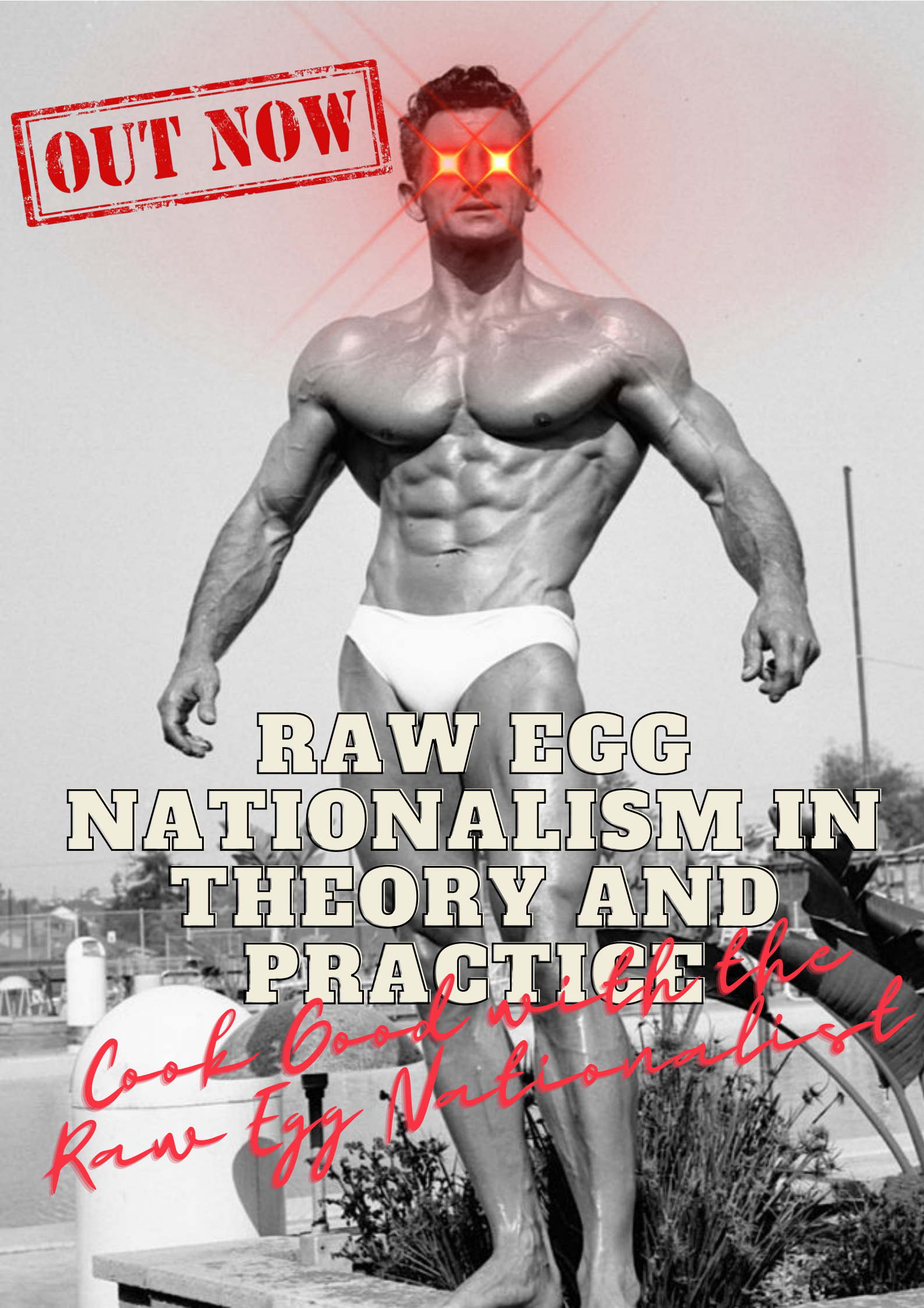
WORLD ECONOMIC FORUM
THE GREAT RESET
'The Pandemic represents a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world'

Just look at Donald Trump, for all his faults and failures. Look at the visceral fear, the desperate scrambling, the all-or-nothing sabotage he has forced his opponents to engage in – who are the architects and profiteers of ceaseless global war, unrestricted immigration, corporate greed and mass censorship. Their hatred of Trump is the best evidence that his policy of America First is the antidote to their poison, or at least an essential ingredient of it.

For raw egg nationalists, the egg is not just a potent source of nutrition: it is a symbol of a new world waiting to be born, as well as the means to deliver it.

Raw Egg Nationalism in Theory and Practice can be downloaded via linktr.ee/raweggnationalist or bought in Kindle or paperback format from Amazon.

MAN'S WORLD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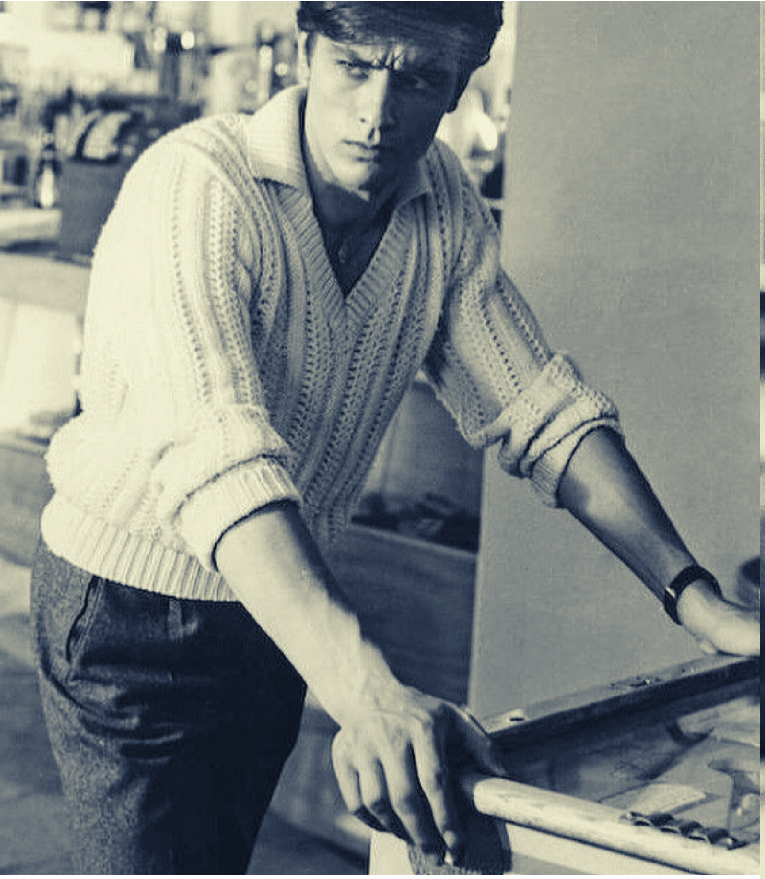
RAW EGG NATIONALISM IN THEORY AND PRACTICE
Cook Good with the Raw Egg Nationalist



Delon

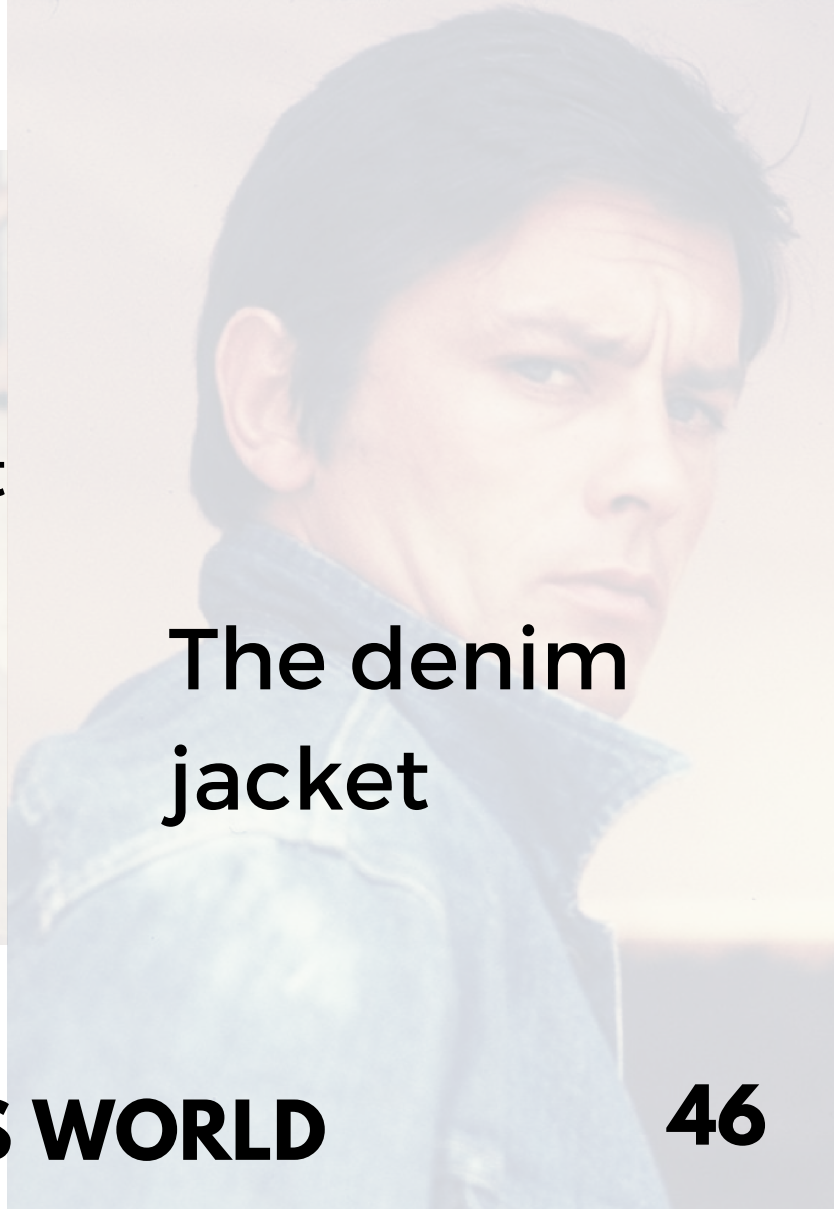
Style

The cricket jumper

The charcoal flannel suit

Delon

The bomber jacket and jeans



The denim jacket

Style

MAN'S WORLD

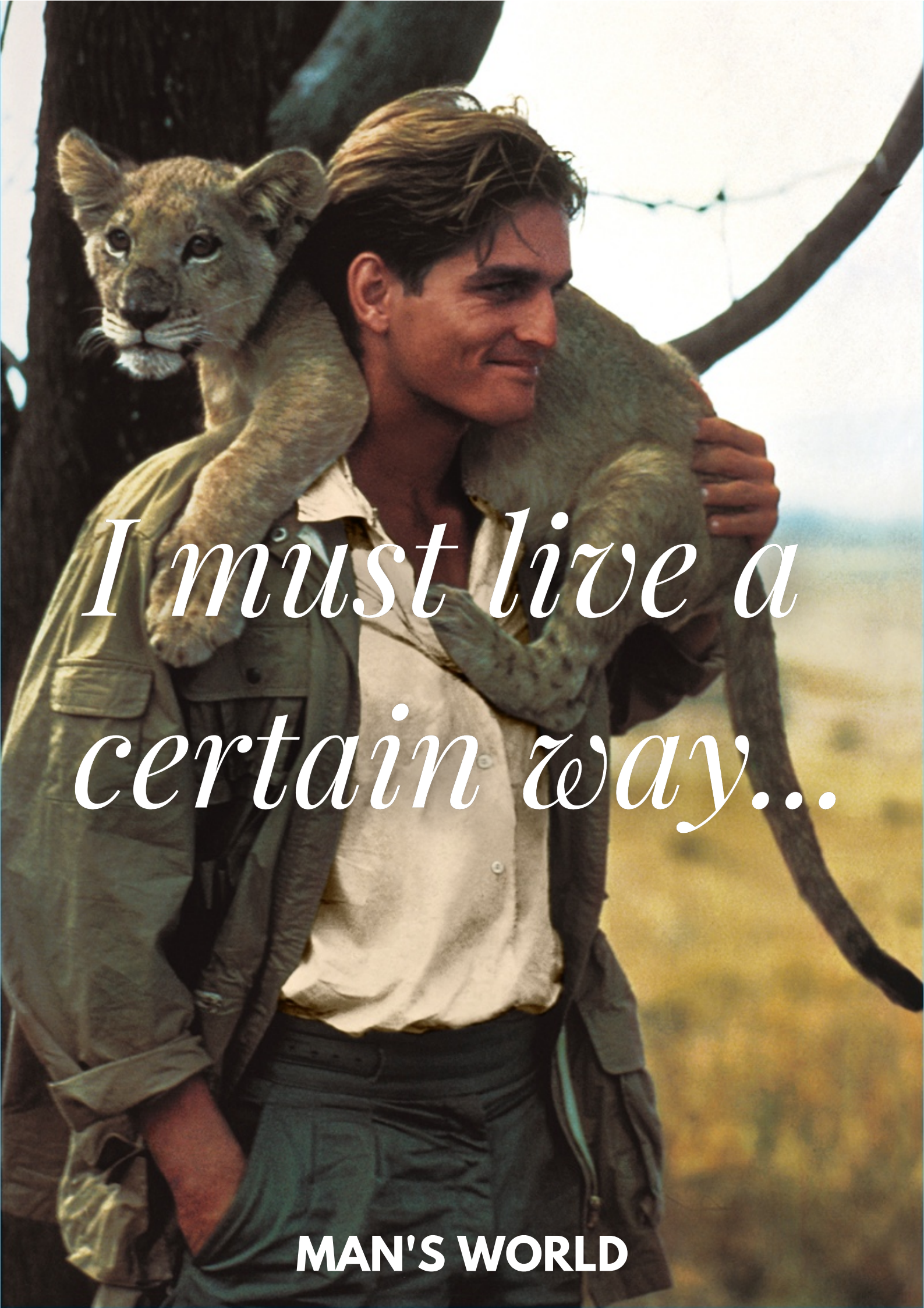
The sheepskin jacket
and round-neck sweater

The cashmere scarf

The striped
swim shorts

SOL
CAST
Available on Apple Podcasts /
Spotify / Soundcloud / Youtube

I must live a certain way...
JWK 650


I must live a certain way...
MAN'S WORLD

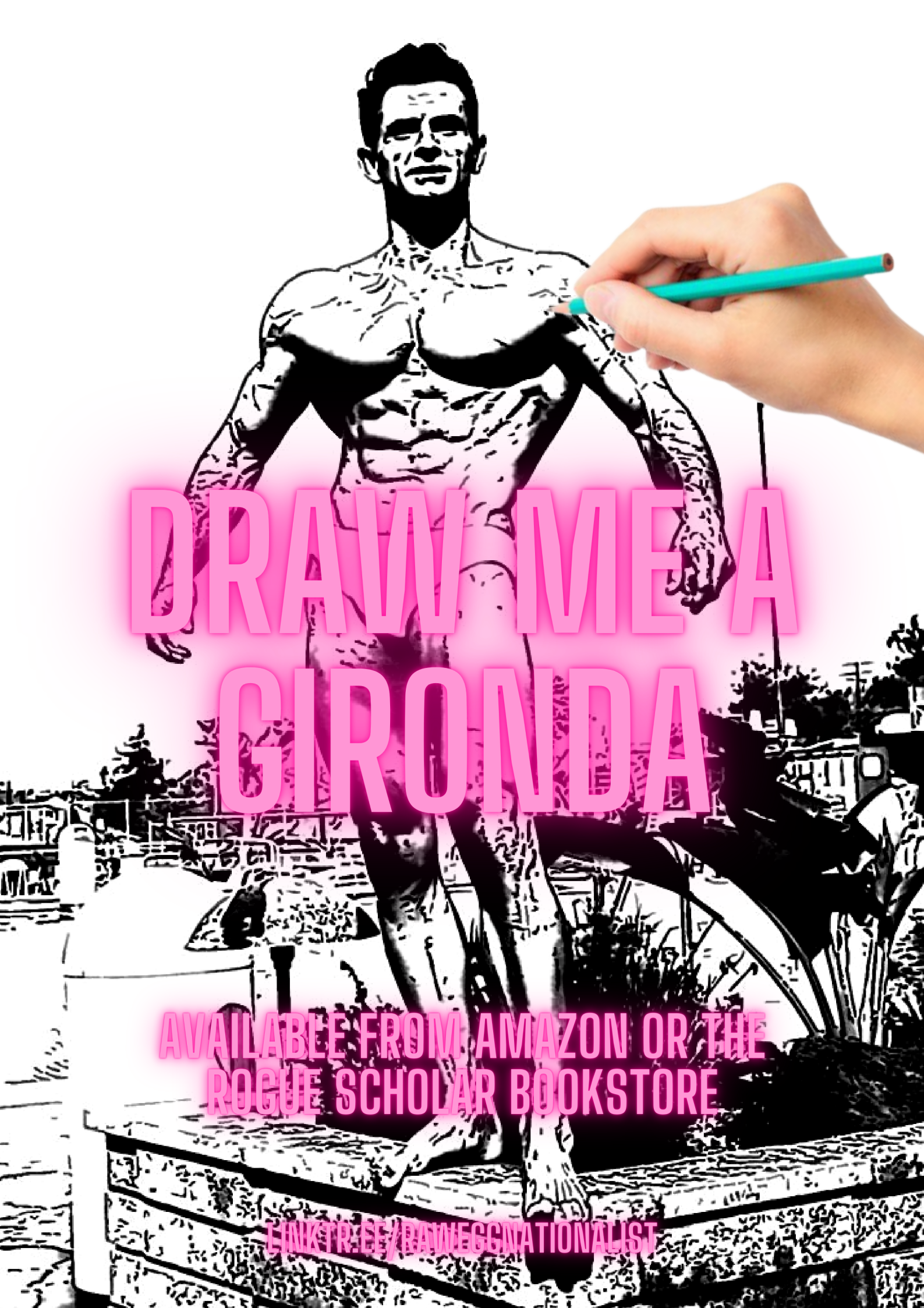
I must live a certain way...

I must live a
certain way...
MAN'S WORLD

I must live a certain way...

I must live a certain way...
MAN'S WORLD

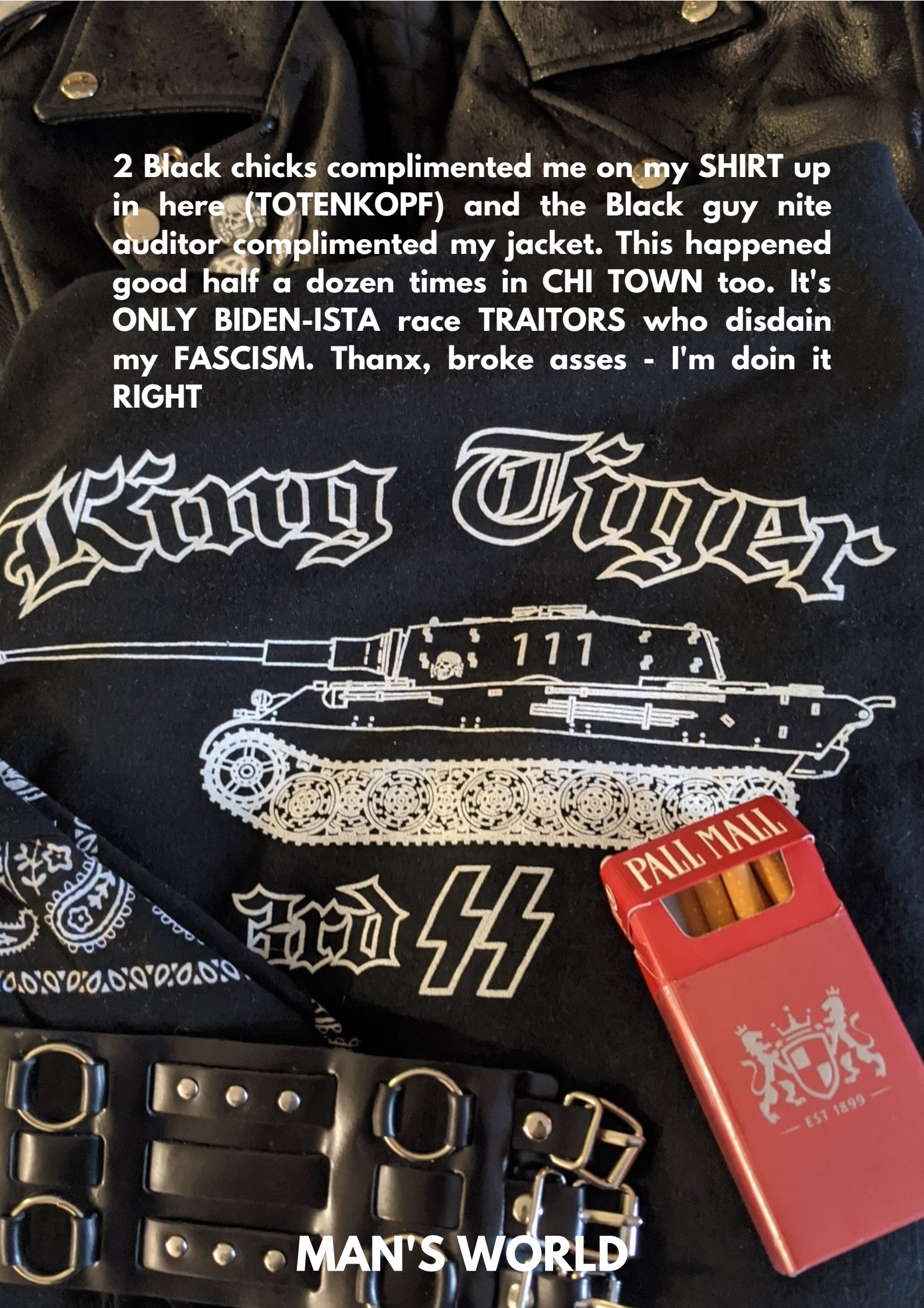
I must live a certain way...

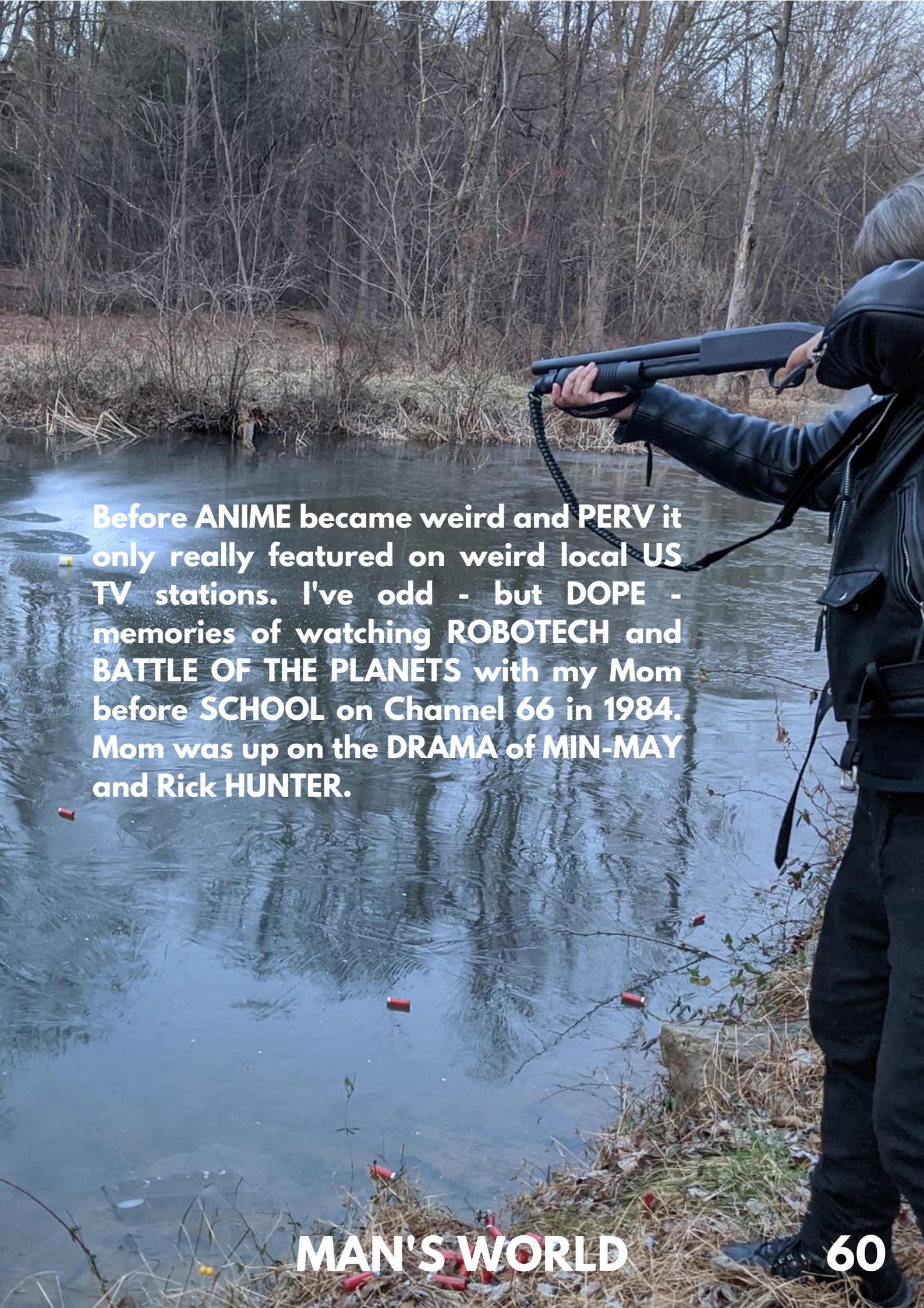

DRAW ME A GIRONDA
AVAILABLE FROM AMAZON OR THE ROGUE SCHOLAR BOOKSTORE
LINKTR.EE/RAWEGGNATIONALIST

ALL LUCKY 7S

Shooting the shit with the Real Thomas 777... (@real_thomas777)

Words and pictures: Thomas 777


2 Black chicks complimented me on my SHIRT up in here (TOTENKOPF) and the Black guy nite auditor complimented my jacket. This happened good half a dozen times in CHI TOWN too. It's ONLY BIDEN-ISTA race TRAITORS who disdain my FASCISM. Thanx, broke asses - I'm doin it RIGHT
King Tiger
111
PALL MALL
EST 1899
MAN'S WORLD



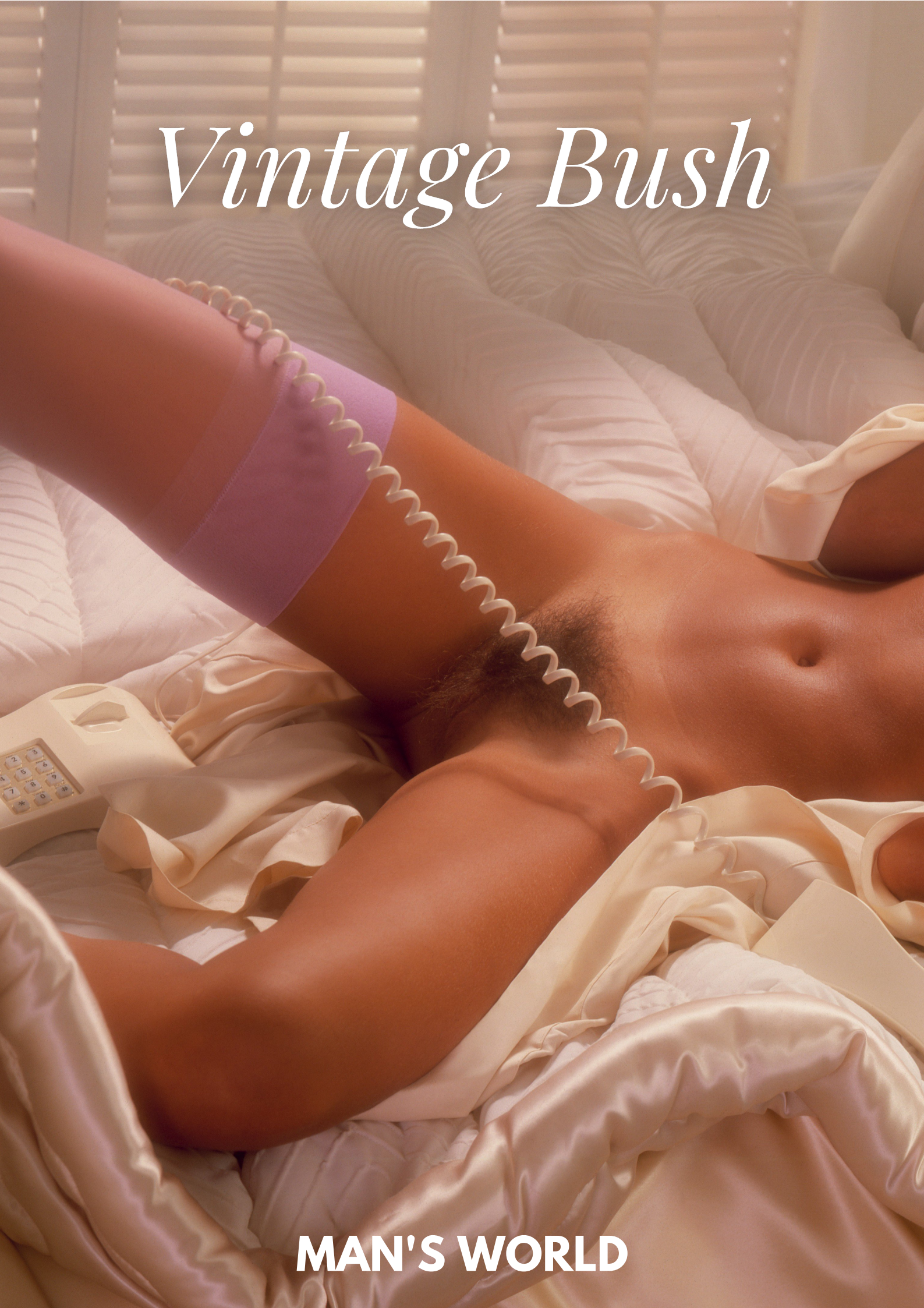
Before ANIME became weird and PERV it only really featured on weird local US TV stations. I've odd - but DOPE - memories of watching ROBOTECH and BATTLE OF THE PLANETS with my Mom before SCHOOL on Channel 66 in 1984. Mom was up on the DRAMA of MIN-MAY and Rick HUNTER.

LIFEHACK: Go a couple days without shaving now and again and Sadies will want to MAKE OUT with you and will act sillier than usual. Do NOT however (UNLESS you're an Islamic or OrthoFROG) grow a beard. Beards (absent cultural habit) are for JAGOFFS
MAN'S WORLD

-Sad Sadie at Methadone Clinic: "You're going back to Chicago?"
-777: "I am, Baby - but I will be back to lead the REVOLUTION. Don't change a thing tho - I got a SARACEN woman who will end you, so we can NOT fall in love".

BRONZE AGE PERVERT
CARIBBEAN RHYTHMS
BROADCAST
gumroad.com/bronzeagepervert

MAN'S WORLD


Vintage Bush
MAN'S WORLD

Terry Nihen

Julie McCullough
MAN'S WORLD

Karen Price

Karen Velez
MAN'S WORLD

Roberta Vasquez

Lourdes Estores
MAN'S WORLD

Lisa Matthews

Long
Vacation
MAN'S WORLD

Ass
alism

Critical Ray Theory

RAY VELCORO

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Of course Season One of True Detective continues to receive the most attention and plaudits, largely because of Matthew McConaughey's arresting portrayal of Rust Cohle, a murder detective driven to the edge of morality and sanity by his failures as an investigator, a friend and a father.

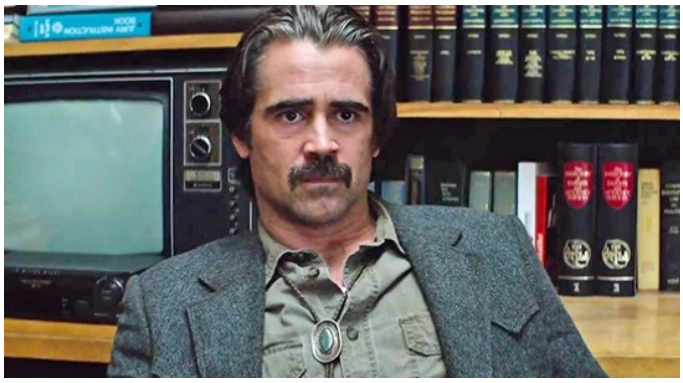
Despite the eminent quotability of Cohle's pop-Nieztschean nihilism, it's not the first but the second season that is by far the bleakest and least forgiving of the three. Here, in Season Two's California, innocence, love and no good turn go unpunished. Escape? Impossible. One of the many miserable denizens of this sunny hell, a man who tries – and fails – to get away, is former cop Ray Velcoro (Colin Farrell).

Once upon a time Ray was an honest cop, but then his wife got raped and he made a deal with the devil – in this case, Frank Semyon (Vince Vaughan) – to get the man who did it. In the process, he loses everything he thought he was fighting for: his wife and his son, whose doubtful parentage – Ray or the rapist? – haunts him throughout the season's eight episodes.

In the end, Ray is not so much a tragic as a cursed figure. His heroic last stand against the corrupt cops will be seen by no one and spun instead as the death of a maniac killer. Even his final goodbye voice message to his son will fail to send. No signal this far from civilisation.

'I used to want to be an astronaut. But astronauts don't even go to the moon anymore.' Ray Velcoro

Words: Raw Egg Nationalist



MAN'S WORLD

HERCULEAN STRENGTH PRESENTS
RESOLUTION
YOUR LAST EVER NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION: A PROGRAM FOR EVERY BODY
10 different training styles with full programming
Full diet and supplementation plan
FREE $25 cookbook
All for $25 with code 'globouomo'
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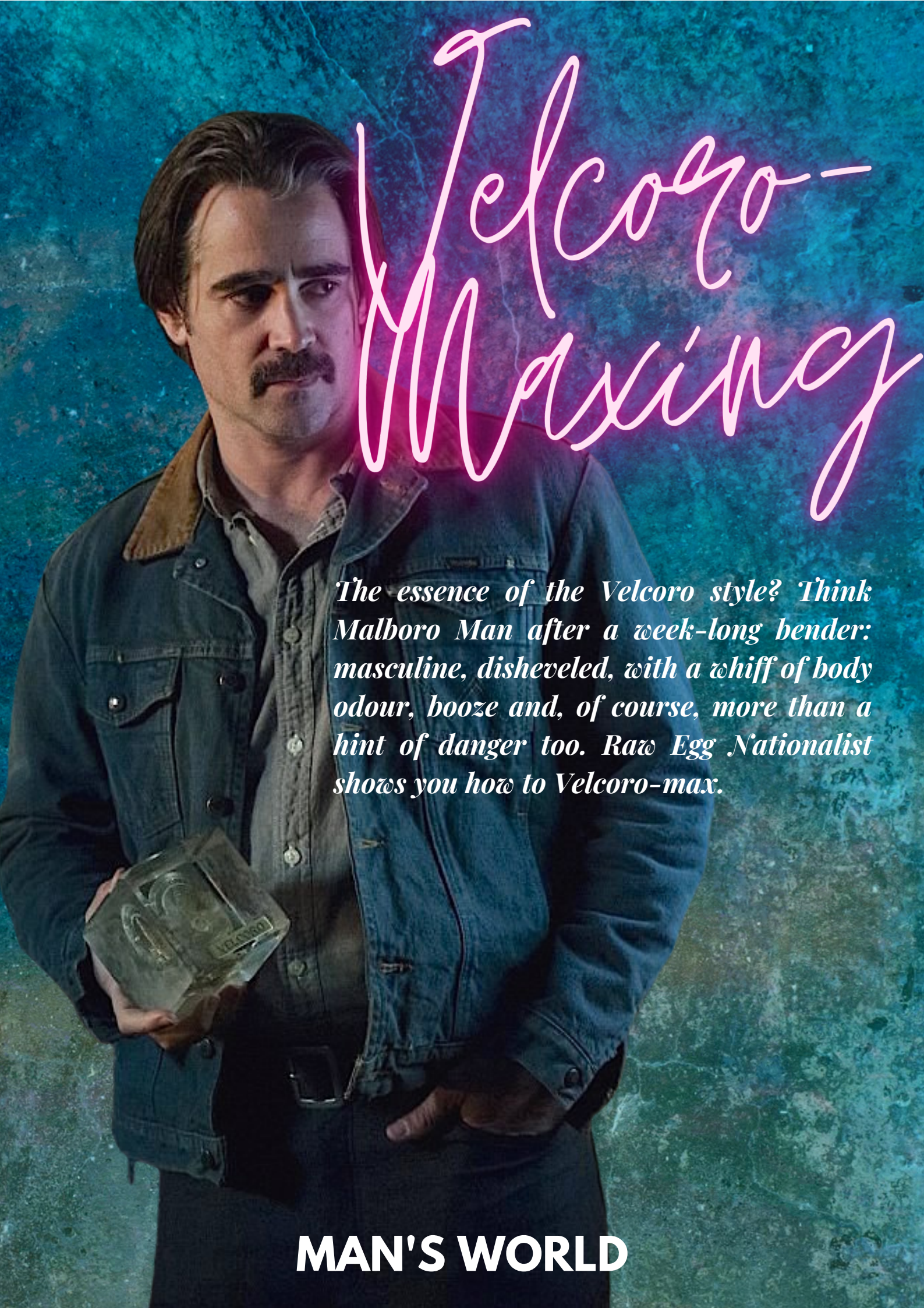

Velcoro-Maxing
The essence of the Velcoro style? Think Malboro Man after a week-long bender: masculine, disheveled, with a whiff of body odour, booze and, of course, more than a hint of danger too. Raw Egg Nationalist shows you how to Velcoro-max.
MAN'S WORLD

The Clothes

You'll need classic masculine clothing with an earthy seventies vibe: trucker jackets; canvas, chambray or corduroy shirts; dark sports jackets with western-style fronts and back yokes; dark jeans in a classic cut, like Levi's 501s; and brown square-toed cowboy boots.

Key brands:

Wrangler
Circle S
Eddie Bauer
L.L. Bean
Levi's
Stallion Boot Co.

The Gear

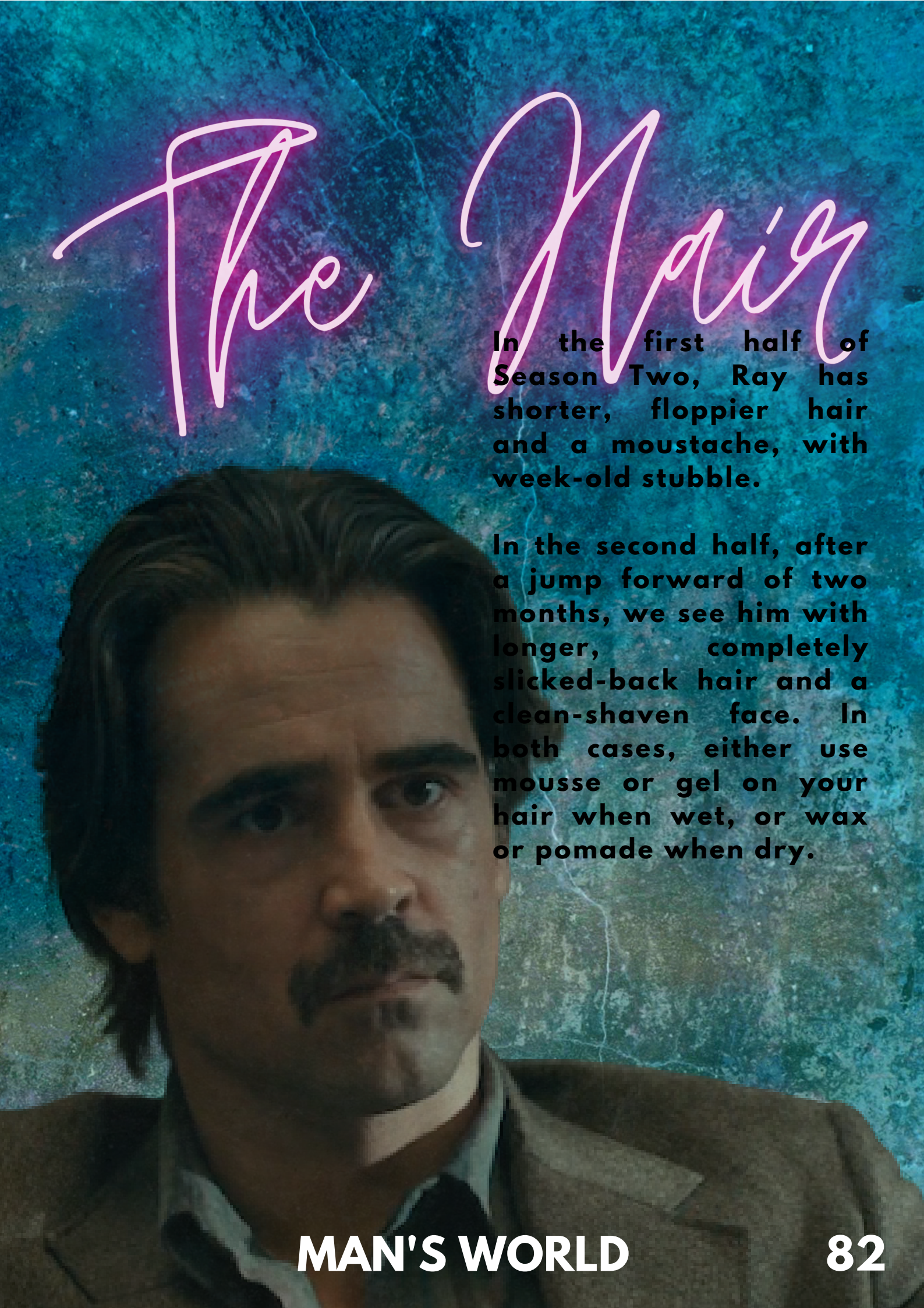
You'll also need the right accessories, including a Stetson, aviator sunglasses, a loosely worn bolo tie and a dark brown belt with a heavy buckle. And if you're really looking for the authentic Velcoro vibe, a Type 73 Browning Hi-Power and Mossberg 500 Cruiser.

Key brands:

Stetson
Ray Ban
Taos Indian Trading Co.
Browning
Mossberg

MAN'S WORLD

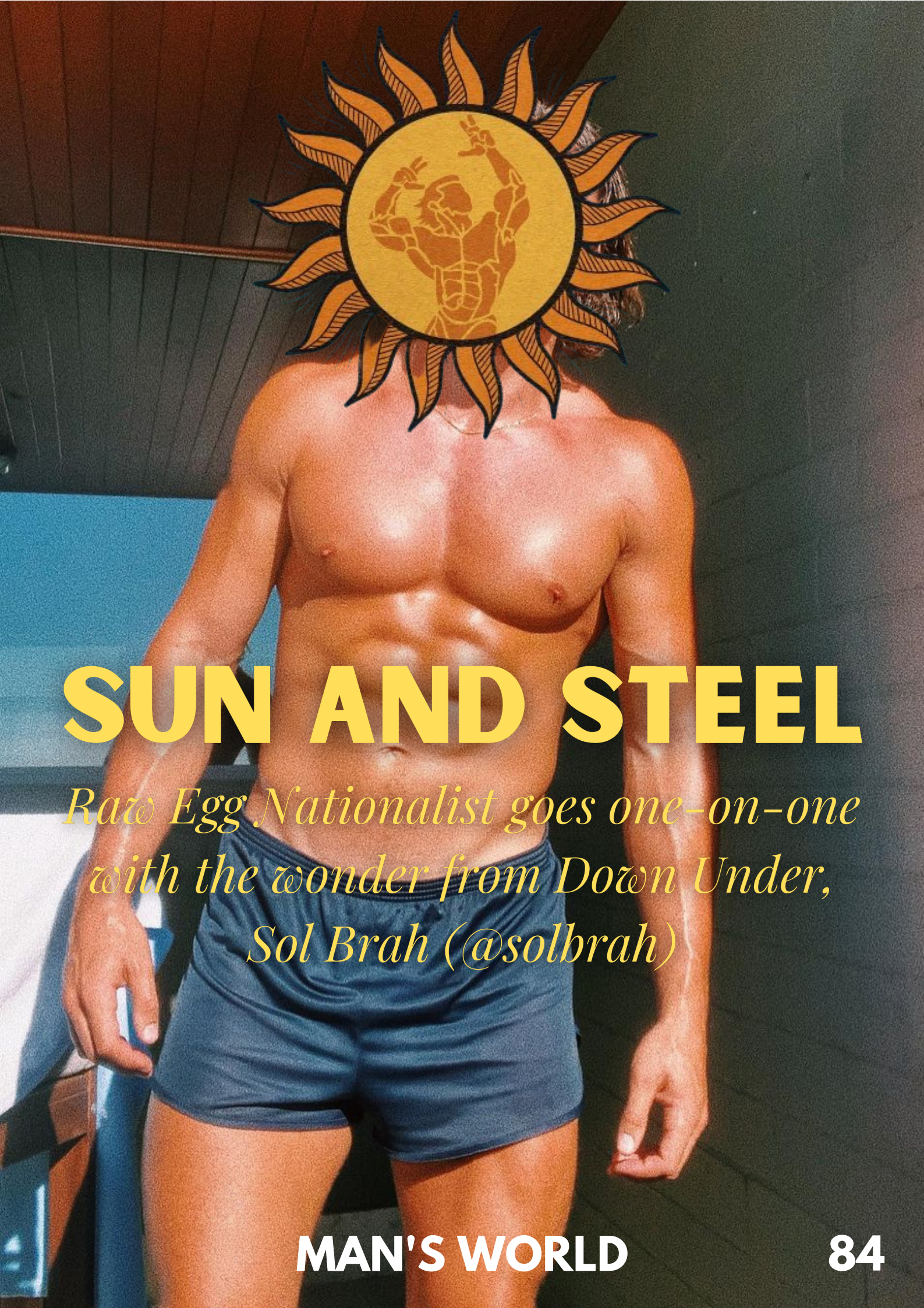
The Hair



In the first half of Season Two, Ray has shorter, floppier hair and a moustache, with week-old stubble.

In the second half, after a jump forward of two months, we see him with longer, completely slicked-back hair and a clean-shaven face. In both cases, either use mousse or gel on your hair when wet, or wax or pomade when dry.

SCULPT JAW,
TURN HEADS.
GRECO
GUM



SUN AND STEEL

Raw Egg Nationalist goes one-on-one with the wonder from Down Under, Sol Brah (@solbrah)

A lot seems to have happened in a very short period of time for you. Tell us about the past year and what's been most memorable for you.

This year has really highlighted a lot of things for people. As always I like to tell people - is it inside of your control? Then do something about it. If it's outside of your control? Then we can't do anything about it, therefore it's not worth worrying about or stressing over. 2020 was a time where a lot of us experienced massive upheavals to our previous lives - forcing us to adapt to these new circumstances. And that's all we can do. For me, the initial lockdowns and forced time indoors lent itself to opportunity. I wrote, I created, I recorded, I curated aesthetics. Whatever I could do that was productive while being inside. I know a lot of people that similarly utilised the time but I also know people that wasted the time away with Netflix and similar activities. That's what they wanted. They want to stop you from working, impoverish you, close the gyms to make you fat and lazy, separate you from your friends and family to decrease morale. So you had (and continue to have) two options. Do what you can, utilise the time productively, stay fit strong and healthy, resist the paradigm whenever possible and most of all, think for yourself. What has been most memorable has been the amazing people that I've come into contact with through Twitter. I have full confidence that when the world opens up again we will be able to build a community of like-minded people that are all interested in the same vision. When a group of guys comes together like that? We can and will move mountains.

What made you want to branch out into supplements? And why glycine in particular? In a crowded market, what makes Sol Supps Glycine stand out?

It was the natural course of action to take after looking into the industry as a whole. Much of what I talk about is erring on the side of the natural whole foods and eliminating processed GARBAGE from your dietary intake. Pre-workouts with 1000 artificial ingredients wreak havoc on your mental state and are likely doing more harm than good. You of course do not need any supplements to build a good physique. That being said, there are some supplements that I personally use to great effect and I know are worth it to use in a conscious manner. They usually are whole-food based or extremely well-tolerated by the body, like glycine is. Being the simplest amino acid and inherent to the body, glycine is not the kind of thing that you can overuse. In fact, glycine has been shown to be used in doses of 22g to promote growth hormone production, and in some cases in excess of 50g to help cancer patients. So the efficacy, simplicity and safety of glycine made it the obvious choice to look into as my first Sol Supplements product. Everything that I make under this brand will be American made and American sourced. Nothing like the other supplement brands, which are all made in China. Sol Supplements Glycine is as far as I know the ONLY US-sourced glycine available on the market today. Given the current climate of the world I know people will appreciate this and can be assured they are getting a high-quality product.

What's the best way to take it?

For the person new to glycine, I would recommend taking 5 grams (a teaspoon) dissolved in chamomile tea (for the added natural sedative bonus) 15 minutes before bed. This is to elicit the enhanced deep sleep properties. Once you are used to this amount, you can up it to 10 grams (a tablespoon). I personally do around 15 grams with my Bedtime Elixir before bed. Glycine decreases how long it takes to fall asleep, enhances sleep quality, lessens daytime sleepiness and improves cognition.

(Study here link.springer.com/article/10.1111/j.1479-8425.2006.00193.x).

Additionally, one of the fun side effects of glycine is that your dreams become a lot more vivid and exciting. This can make sleep a much more fun experience and I know that I have personally had some amazingly creative and fun dreams from taking glycine before bed.

Glycine is found in connective tissue, tendons, ligaments, skin, cartilage, and bones — all of which are usually absent from most western meat. If you are consuming a lot of muscle-meat, glycine is imperative to supplement to support healthy processing of all the lean tissue. Glycine is also beneficial for the heart. Higher levels of glycine are associated with favorable levels of blood fatty acids in men and women, lower blood pressure and risk of type 2 diabetes, and fewer risk factors for suffering a heart attack or ischemic stroke

(Study here journals.physiology.org/doi/full/10.1152/ajpregu.00159.2004).

All in all, glycine is an amazingly versatile amino acid that has numerous benefits to supplementation. Sol Supplements Glycine is the ONLY US-made and -sourced glycine on the market at the moment and we plan to continue that ethos with all further supplements.

Do you have any plans for further supplements?

Yes, at the moment I am looking into creating a natural pre-workout mix that promotes blood flow and concentration (think beetroot powder, sea salt, citruline malate and theacrine perhaps). I also want to create a magnesium product as magnesium is the 'master stress mineral' in the body and one of the critical nutrients missing from our diets today. Additionally, an essential amino acid blend is in the works as well as a wholefood vitality blend (ashwaganda, maca root and similar). If you have any ideas of what you'd like to see from Sol Supps in the future, then sling me a DM on Twitter or Instagram!

We all know the incredibly busy schedule you keep, so what else does 2021 have in store for Sol Brah and his followers? Will it be as productive a year as 2020?

Every year will be better than the last. This is the attitude you have to have and to always strive to be better than you were yesterday. Expect to see a lot more of the Sol lifestyle and content, as well as a few special projects such as the Sol Handbook Volume One - my first print book, which will feature many different topics similar to what I write about on social media but in longer form, as well as workout advice, spirituality and other unique and beneficial materials. My 2020 was only as good as the people that helped support me. So I thank each and every one of you for reading my material and thank you, Raw Egg Nationalist, for the opportunity to be in your stellar magazine, the first of many to come!

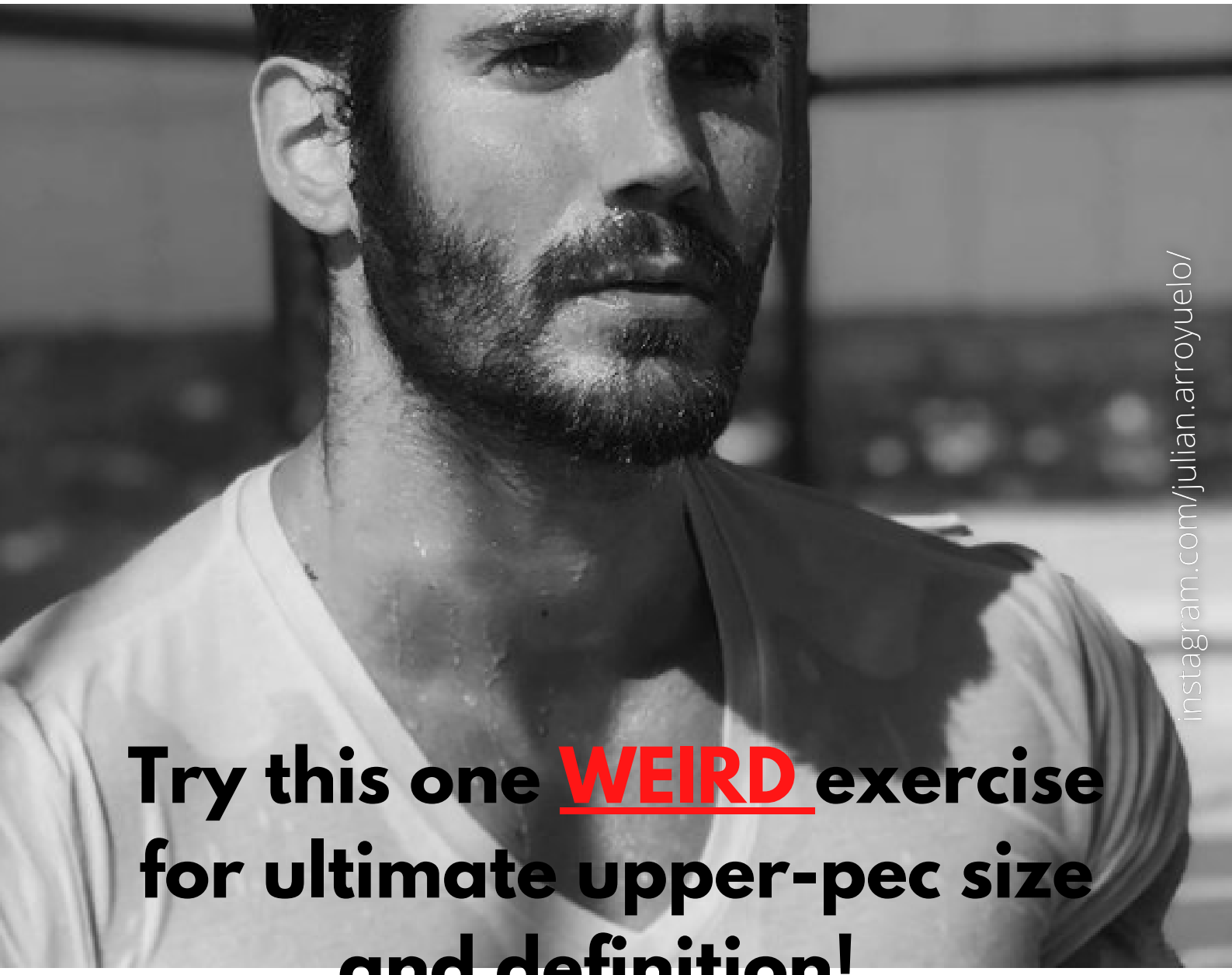
Namaste.

Namaste, friend.

Sol Supps are available from solsupps.com. The Solcast, Sol's podcast, is available from Apple Podcasts, Spotify and more. His cookbook, Cooking with Solbrah, can be purchased at gumroad.com/solbrah. Visit linktr.ee/solbrah for all the links.

SOL
SUPPLEMENTS
solsupps.com

Incline press grifters HATE him!



Try this one WEIRD exercise for ultimate upper-pec size and definition!

Herculean Strength introduces one of its signature exercises, the Herculean Press, with the help of Argentine bodybuilder and model Julian Arroyuelo.

The discovery of the Herculean Press was a fortuitous mistake. After playing around with the 'squeeze press', which is generally considered to be a superior inner chest movement, we discovered that activation could be transferred to the upper pecs simply by switching the grip from pronated to supinated. A supinated, or reverse-grip, bench press is considered to be one of the best upper chest movements, and we figured that a reverse-grip squeeze press might be able to provide the best of both exercises. And, boy, were were right!

Even if you can rep a 3pl8 bench press, you'll probably struggle at first performing 10 reps of the Herculean Press with 30lb dumbbells. So get ready to be humbled! Using a combined dumbbell total of around 25% of your 1RM bench press is a good place to start. Aim for 10 or 15 reps and, of course, increase the weight once you can perform four quality sets.

Apart from tearing the upper pecs to shreds, the Herculean Press will give your anterior deltoids and your triceps plenty of stimulation.

So how do you do it then?

Laying on a bench (or even the floor), take two dumbbells and turn your thumbs outwards, so you are using a supinated grip. In other words, your grip is a full 180 degrees from how it would be in a traditional dumbbell press. Push your arms inwards and imagine that you are trying to hold a small object between the inner ends of the dumbbells. You can even practice by trying to hold a sheet of paper between the dumbbells. Bring the dumbbells down to just below your ribcage, a few inches lower than where you'd normally go with a conventional dumbbell bench press, and press up over your sternum, focusing on contracting your inner upper pecs.

The first set is going to feel weird and uncomfortable. Once you're comfortable with the movement, you can program it into your workout accordingly.

For a full video of the movement being performed by our Argentine friend Julian visit our website.

(herculeanstrength.com/herculean-press-a-new-way-to-hit chest/).

An example Herculean Press workout:

Incline bench press 4×8
Flat dumbbell press 3×10
Weighted dips 3xAMRAP
Floor flyes 3×12
Herculean press 4×10
Face pulls 2x20

Herculean Strength is dedicated to helping you achieve your fitness and lifestyle goals. Whether you simply want to lose weight and look better, or whether you want to become a bodybuilder, powerlifter, strongman or a better athlete, with our combined decades of experience in sports and the fitness industry we have the expertise and the programmes for you.

We also offer one-to-one online coaching, and for the first quarter of 2021 we are offering all services at half price.

1/2 PRICE COACHING FOR Q1 2021!

www.herculeanstrength.com

The Sipes Wrist Curl

They called him the 'Iron Knight', a rock-solid, freakishly strong bodybuilder with a heart of gold. Chuck Sipes was one of the greats of the Golden Age of bodybuilding, and among the greatest of his physical attributes, and the basis of his enormous strength, was his forearms, which he developed through a combination of manly living and a special wrist curl he devised. Raw Egg Nationalist shows you how.

Words: Raw Egg Nationalist

Of the three bodybuilders I wrote about in my book, Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders, Chuck Sipes has left the deepest impression on me, not only for his tremendous physique and power, but also for the adversity he overcame and the good he did for others. Few men could deserve the moniker of 'muscular Christian' more than he does.

Chuck's rugged life working in the forests and sawmills of the Pacific coast provided the basis not only of his massive strength - he was one of the first men to bench press 600lbs - but also of his lifelong vocation helping disaffected, deprived young men transcend their limitations.

Day after day of chopping trees and loading them to be sawed gave Chuck strong, powerful forearms that he would develop further through bodybuilding, so that finally

they came to measure over 18". Even today, an 18" upper arm looks impressive, but in the 1960s an 18" forearm was something truly special. At the time, few bodybuilders did specific forearm work.

And Chuck's forearms weren't just for show. It was his forearms, in particular, that he credited with helping him develop the massive strength he was also famous for. He was the second man ever to be able to bench press 600lb, after Pat Casey, who broke the world record in 1967, with a raw 615lb lift. Like his mentor Bill Pearl, Chuck would regularly dress up in the manner of an old-time strongman and perform feats of strength, such as crushing spike nails, bending steel bars held in his teeth and inflating and exploding hot-water bottles.

Central to Chuck's forearm training regime was a simple variation of a traditional wrist curl. The exercise is sometimes attributed to Dave Draper, seen performing it in the picture to the right, but Dave has stated on the record that he was taught it by Chuck.

The starting position is the same as for a standard wrist curl. The top of the forearm rests along the top of the thigh, with the hand and wrist hanging over the knee. Now a simple change makes this a Sipes curl and not a standard curl. Twist the torso on the same side as the working arm so that the shoulder comes closer to the wrist. Continue leaning in that fashion until the upper part of the working arm is more or less parallel with the floor. Maintain this position as you perform the curl, focusing closely on the movement as you would a concentration curl.

Chuck integrated this exercise into a variety of different wrist routines, which included seated wrist curls with a bar, reverse curls and reverse cable curls, isometric squeezes with a hard rubber ball, and heavy cheat curls.

A simple way to integrate this into an arm routine would be to follow Dave Draper's basic arm routine, which he performed three times a week. After working biceps and triceps, perform five supersets of barbell reverse curls and wrist curls, alternating sides for the wrist curls. Aim for a serious burn.

Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders is available in paperback and Kindle ebook formats from Amazon. A free pdf version, as well as free pdf versions of Raw Egg Nationalist's two other books, is available via linktr.ee/raweggnationalist

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EROTICISM AS FUNDAMENTAL REQUIREMENT OF THE REVOLUTION

Changing the subject, today's literary world is awash with novels about adultery and sex. For the conscience of every writer, sex seems to be seen as a destructive element of the family order or, rather, as an antagonistic element. You have also written some work in this direction. I am thinking, for example, of The Misstepping of Virtue [Bitoku no Yoromeki], although it is rather an investigation of aesthetics and immortality and not of sexual life. Also Thirst for Love, a novel simply about a passion that ends in murder. However, the topic of crime is still marginal and I am sure that it is not your central interest as a novelist either. I cannot deny that I do not agree with this current fashion of identifying sex and crime as expressions of opposition to the system, although I do admit that, at least, they cannot be defined as a defense of it. It seems strange that you, who denounce the degeneration of the current system and contemplate the establishment of a new social justice, have not shown interest in this literary trend.

The beauty-eroticism-death diagram, to which I referred a little while ago, is a concept that demands that the second element, eroticism, cannot exist except in the realm of the absolute. As for Europe, eroticism is only found in the world of Catholicism. This religion has severe commandments whose violation constitutes sin. And the sinner, whether he likes it or not, must appear before God. Well, eroticism is the method of establishing contact with divinity through sin. It is the subject of one of my plays, Madame de Sade. In the eighteenth century, the Marquis de Sade put this method into practice and did not do it just to oppose the system, that is, for a matter of banal dimensions such as the political one. If the French

LAST RITES (Continued)

Only days before his death by ritual seppuku after a failed coup, Yukio Mishima sat down for an interview with the literary critic Takashi Furubayashi. This is an excerpt from that interview.

Translation: Semmelweis (@semmelweis7)

Revolution had not been compensated by Sade's thought, it would not have become a true revolution. In other words, if there is no pessimism capable of completely denying the optimism of a revolution, it does not work. Just as it does not work in the absence of a mysticism that denies its own rationalism. In short, every revolution, if it wants to be complete, must bring together both aspects. However, the postwar Japanese revolution has ended up leaning on the side of rationalism, towards humanism, leaving eroticism aside. In a sense, the writer Hiroshi Noma has walked on the right track, but halfway he got lost. And from his straying he came to the stupid conclusion that eroticism is opposed to the system. In the relativism of today's world, however, eroticism is no more than a kind of free sex. It's not opposed to anything. It is sex without any relation to the absolute. In my opinion, nothing could be further from true eroticism.

Not long ago I wrote a pretty harsh review of your short story Patriotism. But if we take into account that this work is in line with the idea formulated by you just now, then my criticism does not agree at all with your logic.

Our positions are totally separate. In my opinion, one should only speak of eroticism when the human being risks his life and seeks pleasure until death, which is as if he arrived at the absolute from the reverse. If the gods did not exist, they would have to be reborn. And without God there is no eroticism. And because of this way of thinking of mine, I have done the impossible to make the absolute reborn. That is when eroticism arises. What does all this have to do with everyday sex? Well, nothing. Let's say it is a kind of 'paneroticism'. That's it. This search is the main objective of my literature.

WHY IS THE EMPEROR NECESSARY?

This being the case, and in order to complete your aesthetic, Mr. Mishima, you need absolute authority. So...

... His Imperial Majesty enters the scene. [Laughs.]

Arriving here, I cannot agree at all with your views. If the issue is the aesthetic consciousness of literature, why does an emperor have to appear who is a political entity?

Well, it doesn't have to be an emperor either. It could also be a feudal king. It takes a feudal lord for a book like Hagakure. I am not referring to a feudal lord or daimyo as a hierarchical figure in history, but as a symbol of royalty. The vision that you have of the imperial figure and that I have are enormously different. But aside from that, what I feel a mortal hatred for is the postwar notion of the Japanese emperor and the fact that the Japanese imperial figure was molded in the Meiji Era in imitation of the European system.

Really that's it. The imperial figure is nothing more than a staging.

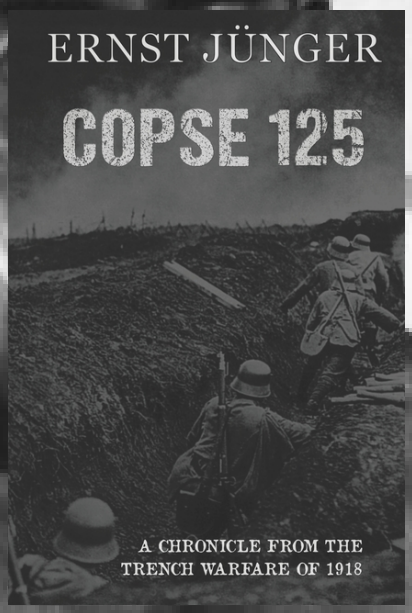
I am not in complete agreement. If we consult in depth the teachings of National Study [Kokugaku] school and carefully follow the variations that the notion of the imperial figure has undergone throughout history, one realizes that in reality this is not the case. It may be, as you say, the structure. But the structure and substance of the imperial figure are two absolutely different things.

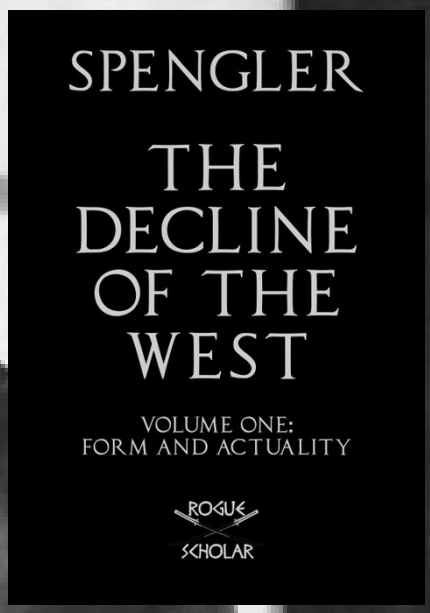
You refer to the variations that the notion of the imperial figure has undergone, but the emperor has held political significance as a symbol of the Shinto religion at most until the end of the Heian Era [794-1185]. Later, with the public appearance of the warrior class — the samurai — their power gradually weakened. In fact, the establishment of the Kamakura Shogunate [1185-1333] made the imperial institution a fully nominal power. During the times of the Kenmu Restoration [1334], the imperial figure saw a fleeting upswing in the panorama of history, but it soon collapsed. Also in the course of the Muromachi Era [1334-1576] the historical reality tells us that the emperor never had influence on the country's politics. In the Tokugawa Era [1600-1868], the imperial figure was subjected to absolute control and was totally eclipsed. And we entered the Meiji Era [1868-1912]. When everything seemed to point to a true restoration of imperial power with a direct rule of the emperor, it turns out that in practice, and once established the rule of the Satsuma and Chōshu clans was established, the emperor becomes a mere symbol by which the authority of these clans is legitimized. Doesn't it seem to you that with the so-called 'confession of humanity' issued at the end of the war there was a kind of beginning of rapprochement between the emperor and the people? Although, of course, recently, with the policy of the 'chrysanthemum curtain', even that small knot of contact is on the verge of vanishing. For my part, I have neither resentment nor antipathy towards the Emperor or any member of the Imperial Household. But, yes, I consider that if the emperor loses direct contact with the people, the imperial institution, as part of the political system, will always be exposed to the risk of being used by certain political forces.

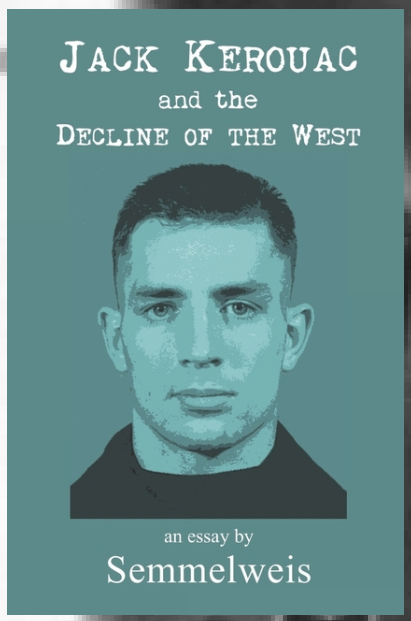
Instead, I dislike the emperor as an individual. And I reject outright the announcement of his conversion into a human being — let's call it that — that he made when the war ended.

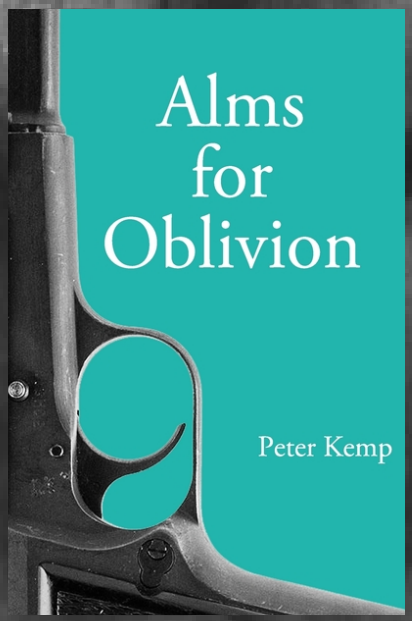
Isn't that what the dead soldiers come to say in your work Voices of the Heroic Dead when they lament: 'But why did our emperor become man?' To my understanding, the Emperor's 'confession of humanity" has been a good thing, even though it has deceptively hidden the nature of the imperial institution ...

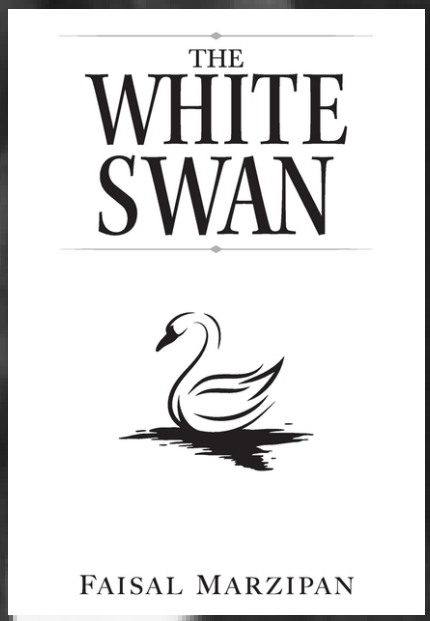
The culprit is Shinzō Koizumi [the Emperor's tutor]. It is all his fault. He is a fake and a traitor. If there is currently a crisis in the imperial institution, the cause is the popularity of he emperor among the people, a popularity based on the idea that the emperor was brave











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and that thanks to him the war ended. But this popularity has nothing to do with the imperial institution. Although I do not share the ideas of Takāki Yoshimoto in any way, I have read his essay Theory of Collective Illusions [Kyōdo gesō ron] with interest and he is truly right when he claims that the emperor is the god of grains. And that the notion of the emperor as an individual is a secondary matter; everything must return to the Great Goddess Amaterasu. The reigning sovereign now will always be the reigning sovereign of the moment. It does not matter that the son of the former emperor becomes the new sovereign because, at the time of the daijōe ceremony, everything goes back directly to the Great Goddess. What Shinzō Koizumi has done has been to destroy the absolute dimension of the imperial figure. His has been the most colossal mistake in the construction of the postwar imperial system. I think we are facing the greatest disaster that the Japanese imperial institution has known. My conception of the imperial system is far from what you consider an absolutist monarchical system used by different political forces. Koizumi has shattered my image of the sovereign imperator.

DON'T FALL INTO THE CLAWS OF THE ENEMY

Well, I don't quite get it right. I have carefully read your essay In Defense of Culture [Bunka bōei ron]. In it you refer to an emperor who represents the defense of culture. But it happens that when this finally occurs, the inevitable transformation of the emperor into a political element takes place. Have you not noticed yourself? Regarding the ideas in the essay I just mentioned, Bunzō Hashikawa criticized you for precisely this; and I can't help but agree with him. The same can happen with your Shield Society. You affirm that it is a private paramilitary association made up of a hundred student volunteers and in which you have invested eight million yen. You also say that they are a group of exemplary young people from your particular point of view, arguing that you are outraged by the degeneration of today's youth. Now, if your intention is to train exemplary young people in this private militia, will they not end up prepared to exercise true militarism? Will the mere existence of this squad not be seen as propaganda in favor of compulsory military conscription in Japan? Although none of these possibilities are within your intentions, surely there will be many people willing to take advantage of the situation.

I know all of that, Mr. Furubayashi. Give me a little time and you will understand that none of that is going to happen.

No, no; if I just told you that the problem is not in your intentions. It is, rather, the objective aspect ...

There is absolutely no risk of someone using me. Although, well, if it refers to this specific moment and in some extreme case, yes, there could be someone who took advantage of the situation. Well, I do grant that there are now individuals who think I am worth using. However, look a little further, please: you will understand that I am not the kind of person to be manipulated.

It is not about your individual intention. What worries me is the abuse that the political and ideological movements around them can do. I admit that I have a strong fear that they may take advantage of both the Shield Society and their ideas about the imperial institution.

Your concern is very understandable. But I assure you that I will not be easily caught by the clutches of the enemy. And speaking of enemies, enemies, what are called enemies are the government, the Liberal Democratic Party and the entire postwar political system. So are the Socialist and Communist Parties. Yes, because for me this party, the Communist, and the Liberal Democrat are the same thing. Yes, they are exactly the same: the symbol of hypocrisy. I will never fall into the clutches of that gang. Wait and see what I do. [Laughs.]

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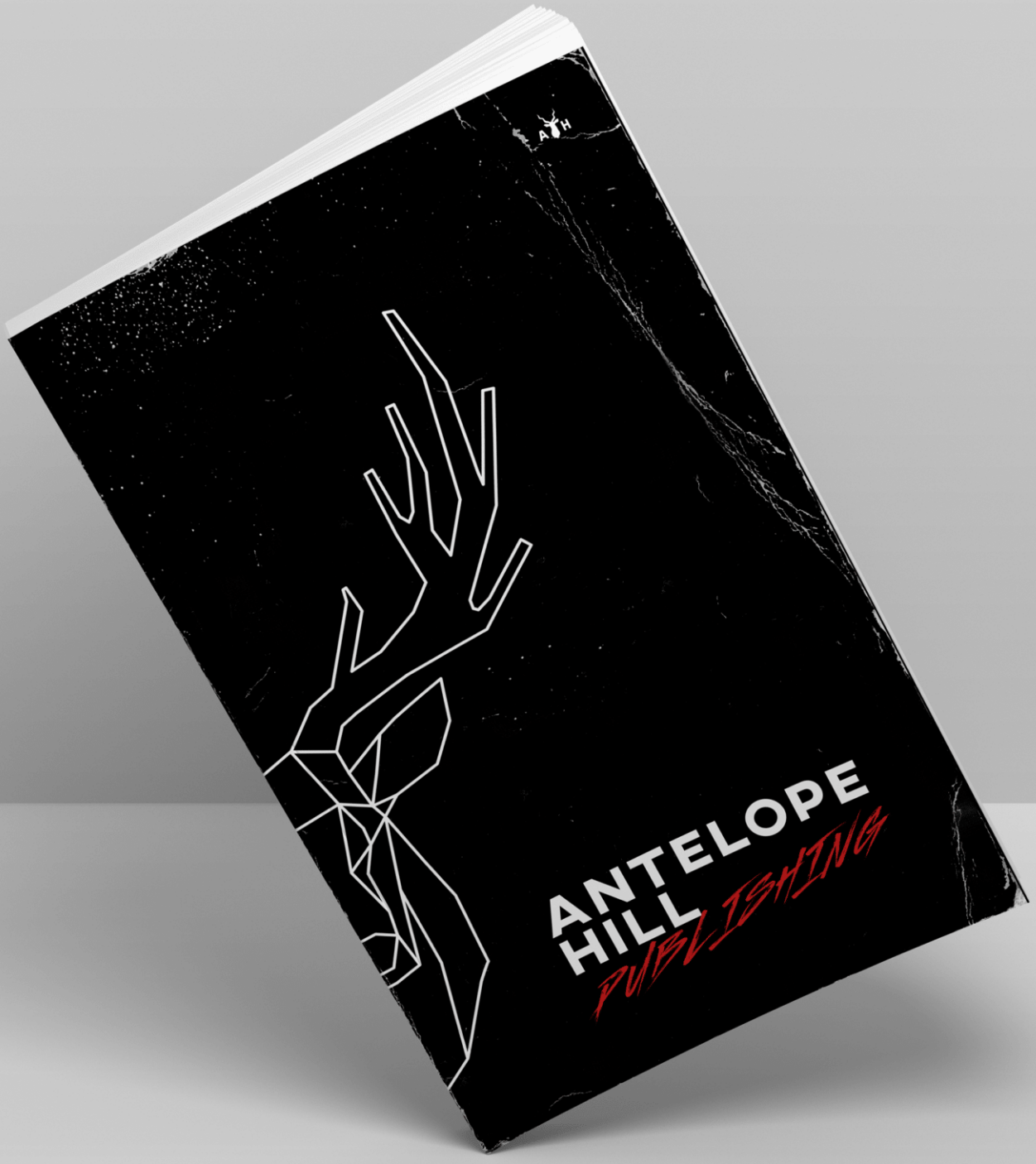

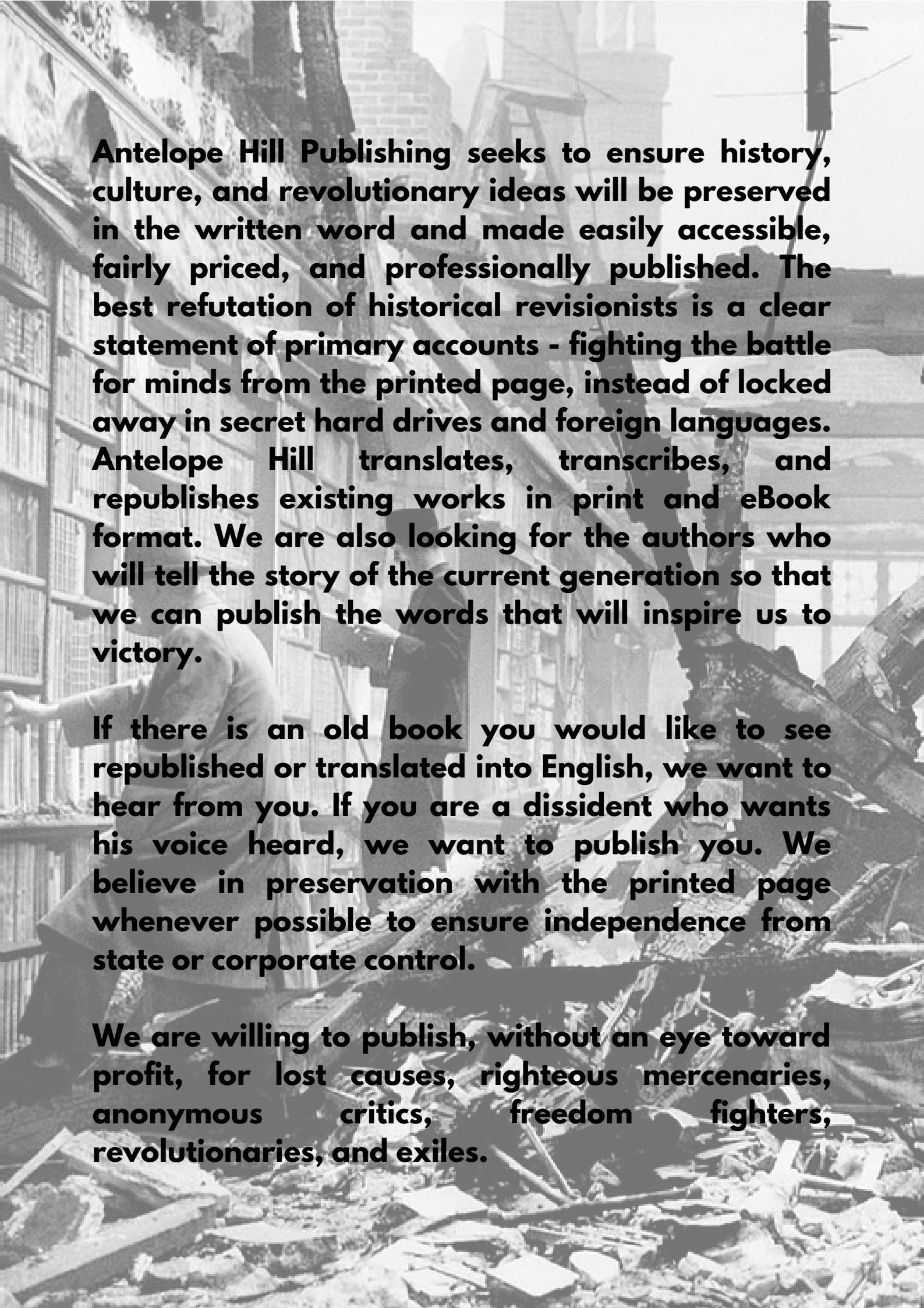

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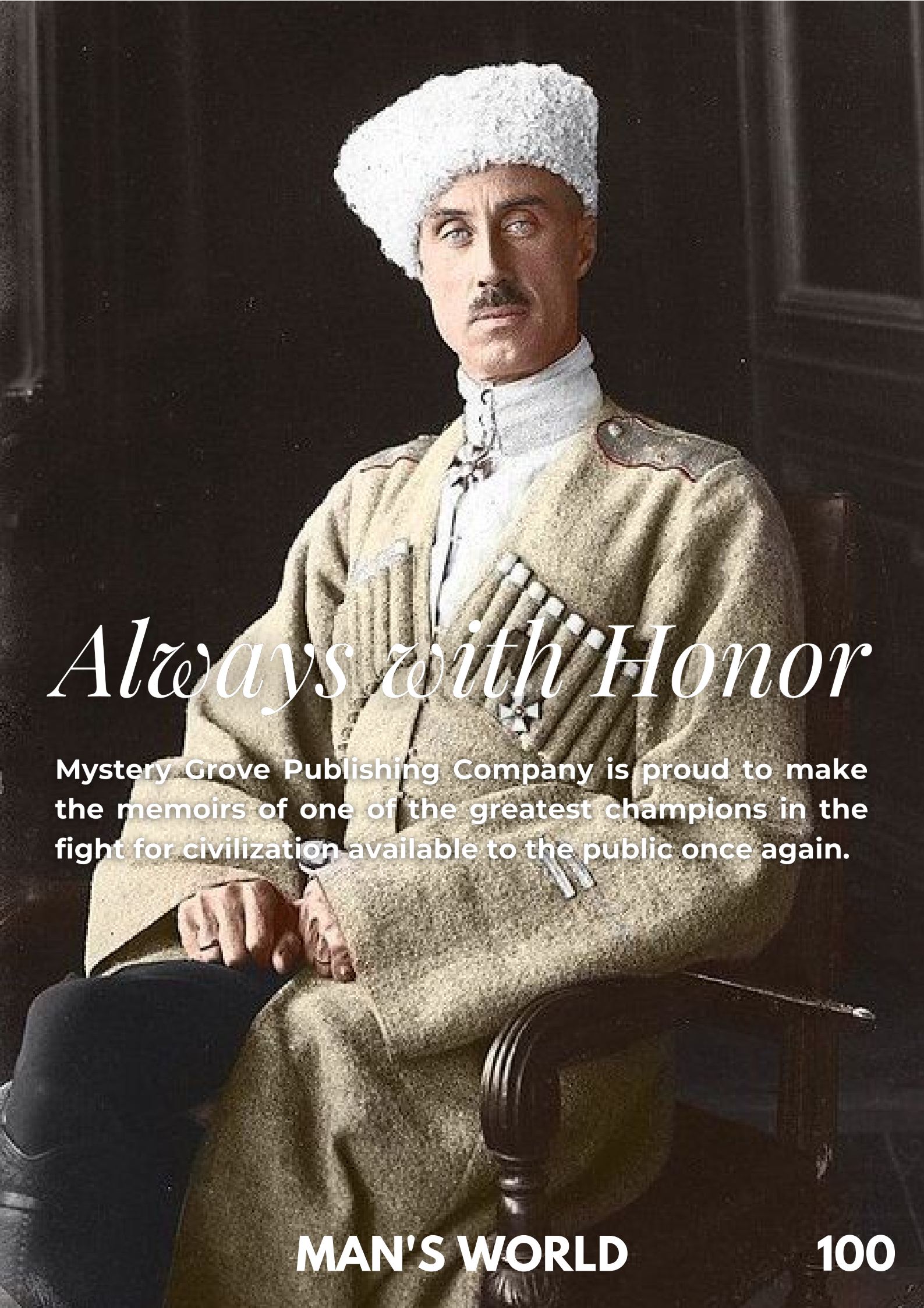


Always with Honor

Mystery Grove Publishing Company is proud to make the memoirs of one of the greatest champions in the fight for civilization available to the public once again.

Always with Honor is the story of General Pyotr Wrangel, a Russian cavalry commander who found himself at the heart of the sudden collapse of the Russian Empire under the fervor of revolution, which eventually consolidated into Bolshevik tyranny and later the global threat of the Soviet Union. Chronologically, it's a very narrow memoir, beginning in about 1917 and ending just four years later, with the evacuation of the last remnant of anticommunist forces from Southern Russia.

The Russian Civil War is not mentioned much in schools. Students are told the Russian Revolution happened, and maybe even told a few reasons why, but the actual transition from the destruction of the world's largest land empire to the creation of the Soviet Union, America's main geopolitical rival for nearly half a century, is given remarkably little attention. Reading Always with Honor makes it clear why: the lessons of the conflict will likely change your understanding of history and the problems we face today.

Wrangel's memoir begins in World War I, where he saw great success leading cavalry units in the vast open spaces of the Eastern Front. He details the slowly creeping discontent that affected all levels of society, including the military. No one believed the current order could last another decade. This, combined with political miscalculations from the Czar, embarrassing incidents like the brief insertion of Rasputin into court life, and apathetic or non-functional government institutions, produced a powder keg waiting to explode.

And explode it did, though not all at once. Wrangel, recognized at an early age for his integrity and bravery, was a trusted confidant of many high-ranking officers at the time of Russia's February Revolution in 1917. He was sent to the capitol to monitor events for his superiors, and witnessed first-hand how left-wing radicals harnessed the general social discontent to enact their murderous rampage. In the place of the Czar, the weak "Revolutionary Dictator" Kerensky assumed power. The leftist press concealed or excused the creeping terror of the Bolsheviks, the most radical and ruthless of the communist factions, while the right-wing was disorganized and unsure of its goals. The security services found it easier to investigate disaffected military officers for imagined conspiracies than to control the growing political mobs that dominated the streets with violence.

Disgusted with the direction of politics, Wrangel returned to the front but found no peace there. The revolutionary government inserted political commissars, outside of the normal chain of command, to monitor and second-guess officers' every move. Soldiers, recognizing that the authority of their superiors was severely reduced, became insubordinate and undisciplined. Ethnic and religious conflicts emerged within the ranks, encouraged at the highest levels.

Although Wrangel did his best to fight the war under these handicaps, he eventually resigned in disgust. His superiors, high-ranking generals with decades of service to their country, proved to be totally incompetent and cowardly when it came to political matters. They talked, and only talked, of restoring sanity to society. Others merely smiled and went along with the government's increasingly absurd demands.

While Wrangel was in retirement, the final collapse occurred. The Bolsheviks seized control of the government, the Revolutionary Dictator fled in disgrace. For a while, little changed on the edge of the empire where Wrangel had settled down. Life carried on as normal, ignoring the political chaos of the capital. Until one day, a gunboat full of "Red" sailors, young, drunk, and without any officers to supervise them, arrived and immediately set about terrorizing the local population at the behest of the new government. Wrangel himself was almost executed, only saved by the bravery of his wife.

The advance of the Germany Army, which achieved total victory on the Eastern Front despite its later defeat collapse in the West,

rescued Wrangel. The Bolsheviks fled, a light-handed foreign military occupation began. Wrangel set out to join the White Army, a loose coalition of anti-communist forces that slowly formed more out of necessity than anything else.

The course of the Russian Civil War is plotted out in the bulk of Always with Honor. Wrangel describes, in close detail, how the various White leaders wasted their advantages through poor planning, petty infighting, unwillingness to maintain discipline or public order, and general despair. By avoiding these failures, and achieving remarkable tactical successes, Wrangel becomes beloved by the Russian people and the military. Eventually, he assumed the role of supreme commander of anticommunist forces, though by that time the war was effectively lost. Still, he did more to defend his country than virtually any of his contemporaries.

Although the history itself is interesting and revealing, the most important element of Always with Honor is how it describes leadership in crisis. Many people, despite their experience or high status, will fail to rise to the occasion. This makes the few people who combine competence, integrity, and level-headedness that much more important. Countries undergoing communist revolutions were in a war to the death. Defeat meant a total elimination of the existing upper class, as well as any non-compliant elements of the middle and lower classes. Despite the high stakes, most of Russia's leaders behaved in an unserious or selfish manner. Wrangel was a paragon of virtue and duty, whose unique qualities revealed themselves in times of extreme stress. His memoirs lay bare where he succeeded and so many others failed.

The book was written in 1928, shortly before Wrangel's death. Despite its enormous value, it was out of print for nearly half a century, with the few remaining copies in existence prohibitively expensive. Mystery Grove's new paperback rerelease makes this important work available to a new generation of readers. Given the enthusiasm with which the new edition of the book was received, one must wonder why the book went unprinted for so long. It was certainly not due to a lack of interest or demand. One must also wonder how many great heroes there are who, like Wrangel, have been largely forgotten or ignored by popular histories and the people who shape them.

Wrangel ends the book by saying: 'History, which knows no favoritism, will tell the importance of our struggle, the capacity of our sacrifices. It will know that the fight we carried on for the love of our country, for the resurrection of Russia as a nation, was indeed at the same time to safeguard the culture of Europe, the struggle for an age-long civilization, for the defence of Europe against the Red terror. On that day the nations of Europe will salute the Russian Army, paying homage to its valor, its sufferings, and its death agonies.' Let that day be today, and every day.

Always with Honor is available now from Amazon and the Rogue Scholar Bookstore.

THREE MAXIMUM ADVENTURES

ONE EXPLOSIVE PACKAGE!

Translation: Dr Chaim Breisacher (@mmmynona)

Ernst Jünger
'Combat as Inner Experience'

MAN'S WORLD 104

The lineage of man is a mysterious, labyrinthine jungle whose crown, enshrouded in the mist from a boundless sea, stretches ever more majestic from the damp, dull swelter towards the limpid sun. While the will to beauty encrusts the peak with flowers, perfumed and colorful, there in the depths a riot of weird growth proliferates. As the dusk sun wains, a row of red parakeets alight upon the crest of swaying palms like a squadron of kingly dreams. From an undergrowth already submerged in night, the chaotic back and forth of creeping and crawling animals menace – torn from sleep, the lair, the warm nest – there the screeching howl of victims, the silent assault of greedy tooth and claw, deft at dealing death.

Just as the jungle strains ever more looming and massive towards the heights, feeding on the detritus of its feculent floor, powers of growth from its own disintegration; so too each new generation of mankind takes root in a ground stratified by the rot of countless previous ones who repose there after the whirl of life is through. Indeed the bodies of those deceased, their dance now done, are as nothing, scattered in the fleeting sand or decaying on the floor of the sea. In ceaseless exchange, however, their particles, their atoms are seized again by the living, the victorious eternally young, and thus elevated to the eternal source of vital energy.

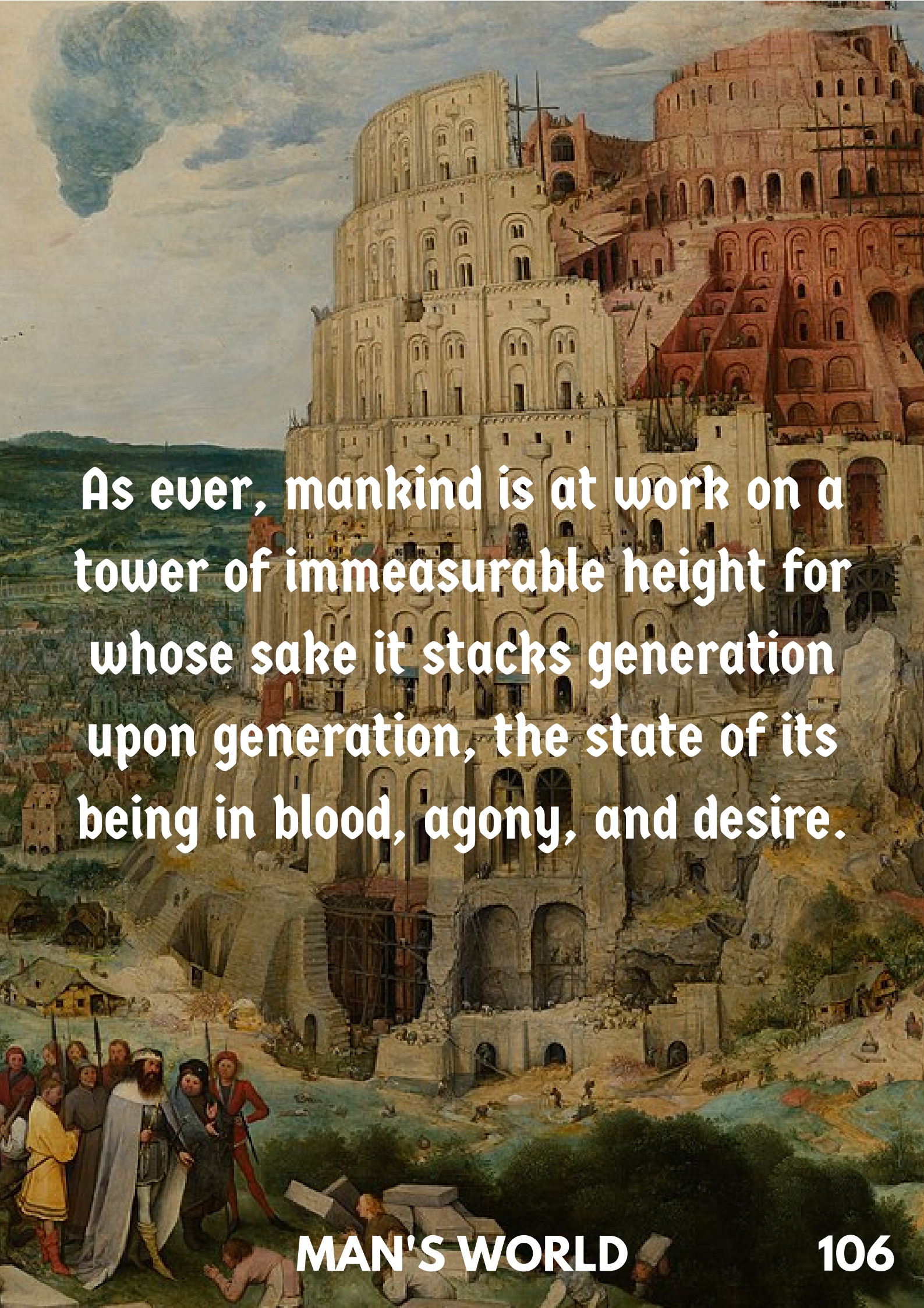
Eternal worth belongs as well to the substance of life's existence: every thought, every deed, every feeling that quickened this endless series of predecessors through life's realm. Just as mankind is formed from the animal and its needs, he is rooted in everything that his forefathers created through fist, mind, and heart over the course of ages. His lineage is like the layers of a coral reef - each piece is inconceivable without those beings, innumerable and long extinct, upon which it is based. Man is the bearer, the continually changing vessel of all that which before him was done, thought, and felt. He is also the legacy of every aspiration which once drove others with an irresistible force towards distant, dark ends.

As ever, mankind is at work on a tower of immeasurable height for whose sake it stacks generation upon generation, the state of its being in blood, agony, and desire.

The tower may vault to ever more precipitous heights, its battlements elevating mankind to overlord, offering ever greater, richer lands to view – still the construction does not proceed in easy equipoise. The work is often threatened; walls collapse or are torn down by fools, doubters, and the discouraged. The reversal of conditions long thought overcome, the outbreak of elemental violence bubbling beneath the stiff crust, reveals the vital power of primal forces.

The individual is also composed of countless building blocks. The endless succession of ancestors weighs on him. He is enchained and encased by thousands of bonds, invisible strands in the rootwork of the jungle marsh whose festering warmth breeds germinal growth. Wildness, brutality, the toxic tint of the drives, has indeed been levelled, smoothed over, and dampened during the eons in which society has bridled impulsive desires and pleasures. And although increasing refinement has certainly purified and ennobled him, animality still slumbers at the base of his being. There is as always much animal in him, sleeping under covers of habit and conformity on the plush rug of a polished, venal, seamlessly networked civilization. The mask drops, however, when life's arc swings back to primal red: he bursts forth naked as ever, the first man, the cave dweller in the full boundlessness of his unfettered drives. As life recalls its first functions, the patrimony of his forefathers burns in him again. Blood now boils where formerly it circulated cool and constant through his veins in the mechanical pulsation of those stony skeletons called cities. And though it rested for a long time hard and cold in hidden depths, the archaic stratum melts again in a white-hot glow. It hisses about him – blaze, blast, annihilating eruption – whenever he descends into those snarling shafts. Riven by hunger, in the breathless braiding of the sexes, in mortal encounter: he is ever the ancient one.

MAN'S WORLD


As ever, mankind is at work on a tower of immeasurable height for whose sake it stacks generation upon generation, the state of its being in blood, agony, and desire.

In combat that shreds all human accord like a beggar's tattered rags, the animal ascends as an arcane monstrosity from the soul's deep. There it fires high as an all-consuming flame, as an irresistible delirium intoxicating the masses, a godhead enthroned above the host. Where all thought and every deed is reduced to formulaic simplicity, the emotions too must be molded and conform to the frightful simplicity of the goal: the annihilation of the opponent. And so it will remain as long as there are men.

In the moment of encounter, external form plays no part. Whether with splayed claws and bared teeth, by swinging a crudely-sharpened hatchet or drawing a wooden bow, or where precision technology has elevated annihilation to the finest art: the instant invariably arrives when the rush of red blood enflames the whites of the enemy's eyes. The breathless lunge or the final, desperate maneuver always triggers the same emotional response, regardless of whether the fist wields a notched club or a hand grenade. No gruesome deed, no accretion of the most refined terror can saturate man with horror like the momentary apparition of his likeness emerging before him on the battlefield – be it a narrow pass between two hill tribes or the wide-ranging theater of modern warfare – where man always stakes his blood for decision, all the fire of prehistory in his contorted face. For all technology is machine-like, a mere matter of chance, a bullet blind and without will. Man, however, is driven by the will to kill in a storm of blast, iron, and steel; and when two men clash in the delirium of combat, two beings find themselves where only one may persist. These two beings have been placed in a primal relationship with one another: the battle for being in its most naked form. In this combat, the weaker must be laid low while the victor mounts his vanquished foe, his weapon held more tightly in his fist - deeper into life, deeper into the struggle. From his heart-wrenching scream, intermingling on impact with the cry of his enemy, glimmers the outline of eternity. It is a cry long forgotten in the flux of culture, a cry of recognition, horror, and blood thirst.

Even of blood thirst. Next to horror, this is the second element that breaks over the warrior like a torrent of red waves: intoxication, the thirst for blood when the billowing clouds of annihilation hang heavy above fields of wrath. Strange as it may seem to those who have never fought for their mortal existence, aside from utmost horror the sight of the opponent brings redemption from heavy and unbearable pressure. Only the limitless drive for love is related to the lust for blood, which whips about in war like a red storm-sail over a black galley. It innervates the womb of already inflamed cities when, showered by gleaming roses, the columns of soldiers parade to the train station. It smolders in the masses who are riled up with shouts of joy and shrill cries; it is a part of the feeling that rains down on the hecatombs, pacing to their death. Built up in the days before battle, in the painful tension on its eve, on the march to the front, in the zone of terrors before the final fight - the lust consumes itself finally in a roaring rage when the hail of bullets shatters the lines. All striving is concentrated into one wish: pounce on the opponent, seize him as the blood demands, without weapons, in the delirium, with the wild grip of the fist. It has been this way forever.

Such is the cycle of emotions, the struggle raging in the warrior's breast as he wanders the flaming wastes of colossal battles: horror, fear, the intimation of annihilation, and the craving to release himself fully in battle. Should he lose his clarity of mind in moments forever unremembered, a self-contained microcosm raging through the vastness, wildness dammed to the point of bursting in a sudden explosion – does the blood flow in streams from his own wounds or that of another? – then a dark shroud descends over his eyes. He looks around, a sleepwalker stirred from oppressive dreams. A terrible dream which his animality dreamt where men fought together in hordes, continually in danger through the deserted steppes; it fades leaving him behind shocked, blinded by what is his own but unexpected, exhausted by the titanic extravagance of will and brutal force.

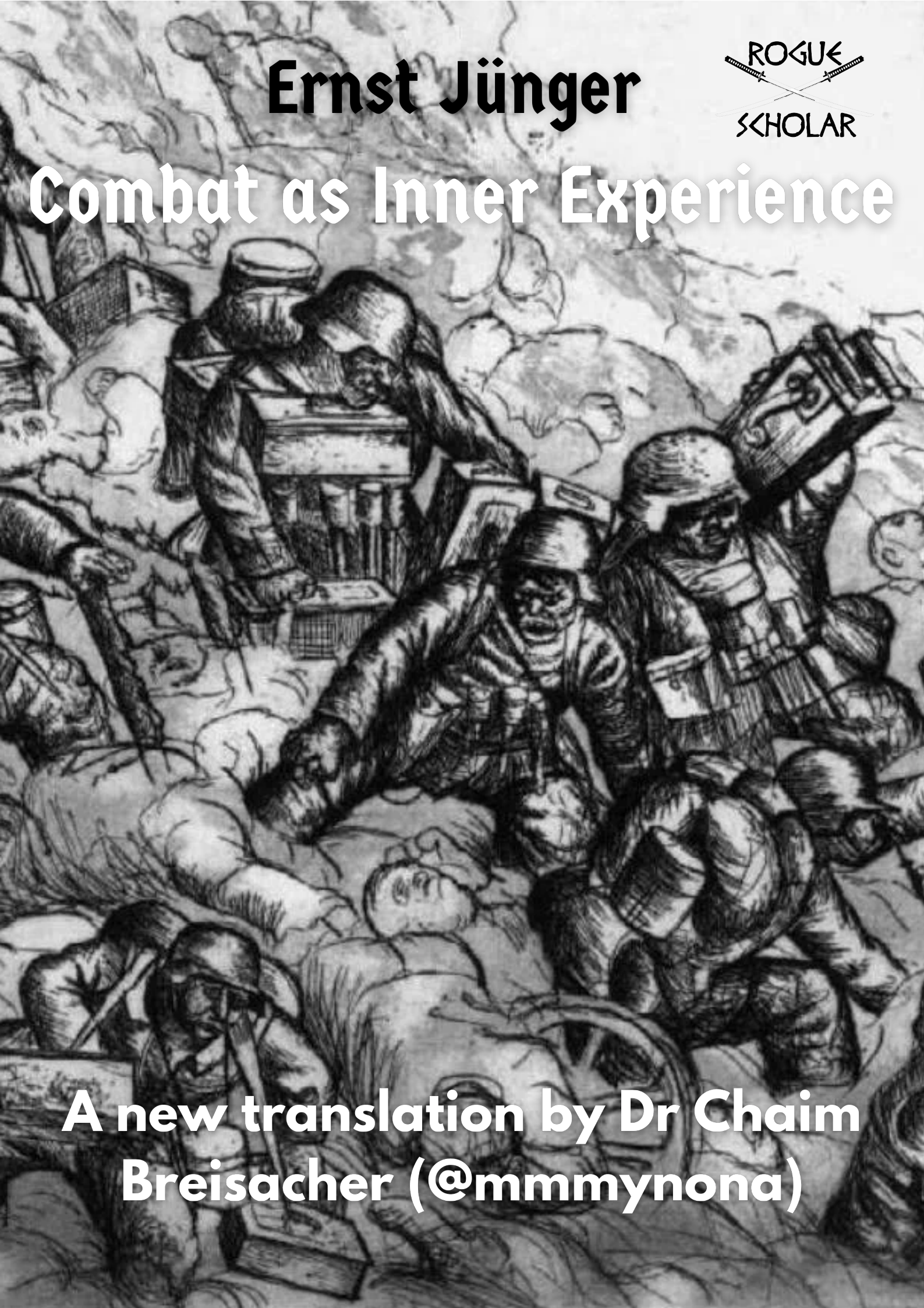
Only then does he realize the place where the advancing charge has miscalculated, realize the host of dangers from which he must run – and become pale. Courage first begins beyond these limits.

MAN'S WORLD

Ernst Jünger

ROGUE SCHOLAR

Combat as Inner Experience



A new translation by Dr Chaim Breisacher (@mmmynona)

“Just how Paleo was the Paleo diet?

Like a latter-day Weston Price, the Stone Age Herbalist (@paracelsus1092) leads us on a journey through anthropology, ancient history - and more than a little modern-day bullshit - to answer the question of what our ancestors really ate, and how it should inform our eating today.

Ojibwe Indians collecting wild rice

MAN'S WORLD

'Bro, just stop eating bread: our ancestors never did' is one of the most common lines thrown around when anyone talks about diets, health and nutrition online. Variations include, 'no wheat', 'only sourdough', 'no sugar', 'no fruit sugar', 'only raw honey', 'only eat meat' and so on.

The idea that there is an optimal or perfect human diet, stretching back to the dawn of our species, is widely accepted, but no-one can agree what it really means. Do we stop drinking milk, or just those without the genetics to do so? What about the Inuit? They only seem to eat meat and fat, so is that a diet we should follow?

Even when I've presented evidence that Paleolithic hunters and Mesolithic foragers ate wild grains, nuts and roots, the response is often anger, mainly accusations that I don't understand my subject or that hunters just made use of them as a back-up in case hunting failed. The other extreme is that I must be defending eating processed oil and pea protein sludge – a fine example of the nuance most online discussion displays.

The reality is that several issues have become confused. The first is that the last few decades have seen ancestral eating diets explode in popularity, including variations of the 'Paleo' diet and forms of ketogenic and now carnivorous diets as well.

Many of these are well thought-out approaches to increasing our health and refusing the toxic gruel that most Western populations consume.

However, these should not be confused with the archaeological and anthropological understandings of hunter-gatherer diets.

As any prehistorian will tell you, there is no one standard hunter-gatherer diet, but many different ways of making use of nearby resources. This is the second issue: the evidence for ancestral diets.

So which is correct: the science or the anthropology?

The third issue is the loose systems of understanding around what should and should not be consumed - ancestral, traditional, Lindy. Clearly coffee, wine, milk, chocolate, glycine and whey are not foods found in the deep Ice Age past, so we need heuristics to easily bypass the confusion of nutrition 'science' and 'peer-reviewed' papers.

Together, these three elements are not readily combined. There is no evidence for ancient hunters eating a carnivore diet; but it seems to really help today in the short term. Eating domesticated animals is hardly paleo in the true sense; but are some animals good approximations for aurochs perhaps? Studies show that our microbiomes respond positively to a diet rich in different plants, but some hunter-gatherers don't eat many plants at all. So which is correct: the science or the anthropology?

One of the basic pieces of knowledge about prehistory is the idea that we evolved as hunter-gatherers until the Neolithic Revolution, when we started to farm, domesticate animals and plants and consume grain as the primary source of calories.

Yes, this is true, but it's not the entire story. Grain domestication took place roughly 12,000 years ago in the Fertile Crescent, but logically in order to domesticate wild grasses, we must already have been eating grass seeds.

Hunting is a risky activity and often results in frustration and no food.

This is exactly what we see in the record: the site of Ohalo II in Israel dates back to 19,500 BP, to the Upper Palaeolithic, and contains the remains of grinding stones, hearths, charred seeds and evidence for dough preparation and baking of two crucial species, wild barley and wild wheat.

Nor is Ohalo II an isolated example; the Italian site of Bilancino revealed grindstones with wild grass seeds dated to 25,000 BP, the Chinese region of Shizitan has produced many flint blades which show microscopic evidence of grain threshing as far back as 28,000 BP and even Neanderthal sites such as Amud Cave show phytolith evidence of wild grain collection between 75 and 55,000 years ago. Clearly our species' love of bread has very deep roots!

In a way this makes sense, since hunting is a risky activity and often results in frustration and no food.

Even today with rifles this is often the case, so when using knapped stone tools it may have been common to return empty handed. Plants on the other hand, don't move and provide easy cheap calories once they have been processed.

Studies looking at Native American foraging have shown that acorns were preferentially gathered over salmon, simply because the risk-reward equation favours plant gathering.

However, this is not an argument for eating doughnuts every day. Wild grains and the methods of preparing them, along with roots and tubers, provide far more fiber and complex phytochemicals than today's genetically altered wheat.

The grains would have been seasonal and also only located in certain parts of the world. This is where the idea of a single hunter's diet breaks down. Once modern humans colonised the world, they settled into radically different eating habits and cultures, rich in various taboos, myths, stories and relationships with plants and animals.

Some modern foragers eat as little as 6% plant food in the diet, others as much as 55%, and the category 'plant' also includes leaves, shoots, bark, roots, fruit, nuts, seeds, fungi and seaweed.

MAN'S WORLD

So where does that leave us trying to understand how best to eat today?

One problem with modernity's philosophical core is that we understand ourselves as individuals first, not bound fully with kin, ancestors and those yet to be born. Dieting today is mostly for one's self, sometimes with a thought to being healthy for your loved ones.

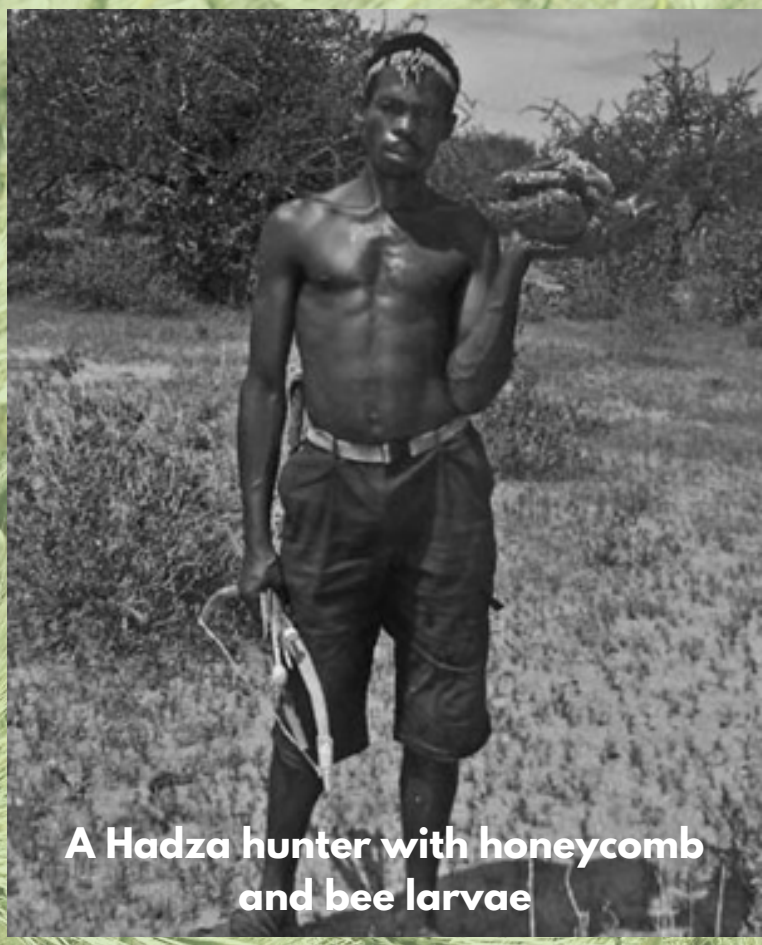
But the time spans of our deep past are beyond comprehension. The difference between 19,000 and 28,000 BP is fairly little to an archaeologist, but 9,000 years is all of recorded history.

So to truly grasp how our diets have evolved over several million years means ignoring the individual and focusing on populations. It's one thing to go on a keto or carnivore diet today, but would you want your pregnant or breastfeeding wife to join you? Your toddlers? Your aging parents? Those who are sick, immobile or infirm?

To understand the role of carbohydrates in the human diet we should be thinking about all stages of life, and not just how they affect healthy young males. Again, to be clear, I'm not saying you need to eat bread to be healthy, but I'm saying that breads and grains should not be excluded from everyone's diet in the name of purity or aping our ancestors.

The argument I've outlined for grains also applies to pretty much every source of carbohydrates, including honey and tubers.

Honey in particular is highly prized by modern foraging societies and young men go to extreme lengths to scale trees and withstand thousands of stings to retrieve honey for their people.



A Hadza hunter with honeycomb and bee larvae

During the rainy season the Mbuti people of the Congo eat up to 80% of their daily calories in honey, and it's not unusual for groups such as the Hadza to eat around 15% of their daily calories in honey all year round.

Given the caloric density of honey it is inconceivable that our Palaeolithic ancestors didn't make use of it.

Of course, honey is limited to warm and temperate climates for the most part, and the Arctic populations are the archetypal case for people arguing for carb-restricted diets. But again, we are learning a lot about both the diets and the genetics of Arctic hunter-gatherers.

The huge amount of circulating poly-unsaturated fatty acids in their blood, mostly from omega-3s, has produced distinct genetic adaptive protections, along with increased liver size, increased urea production and a host of enhanced genes for shuttling fatty acids between cells.

Alongside this is the tendency for Arctic peoples to eat their meat raw. They do this because there isn't enough fuel for cooking, but also because fresh muscle meat contains large amounts of glycogen, which in effect means they are not eating keto at all. Up to 20% of the Inuit diet is composed of carbohydrates from raw meat.

Theirs is a diet evolved in the most niche of circumstances, with a niche phenotype to match. Clearly it can't be the diet of everyone else in the world as well.

What this all comes down to is a plea against a certain kind of purity spiral that seems increasingly popular today.

That appeal to purity goes something like this. If meat is good, then eating just meat must be better, cleaner, more like our ancestors.

It's appealing, but it's wrong. We must think beyond just short-term dieting, like some women's weight loss magazine, and start thinking about local, sustainable, generational eating.

What this all comes down to is a plea against a certain kind of purity spiral that seems increasingly popular today.

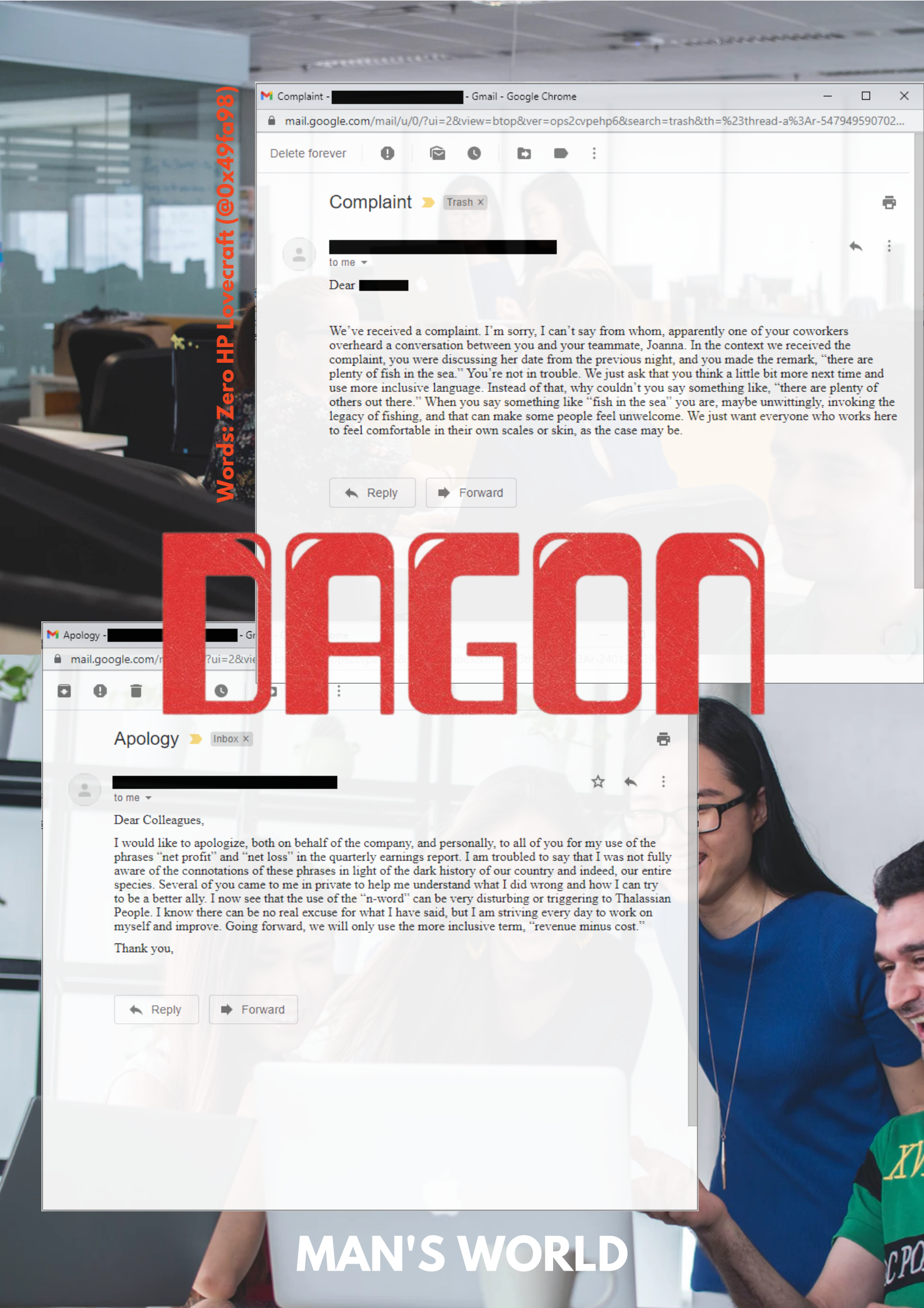
Simple meat, eggs, dairy, fruit, veg and some nuts can be grown and harvested almost anywhere in the world.

Making use of local knowledge and plants, delicacies and inherited recipes, food preparation traditions and nutrient-dense foods suitable for all ages is a true ancestral diet, one that strong families - and even dynasties - can be raised on.

MAN'S WORLD

BOG

DOOMCANNON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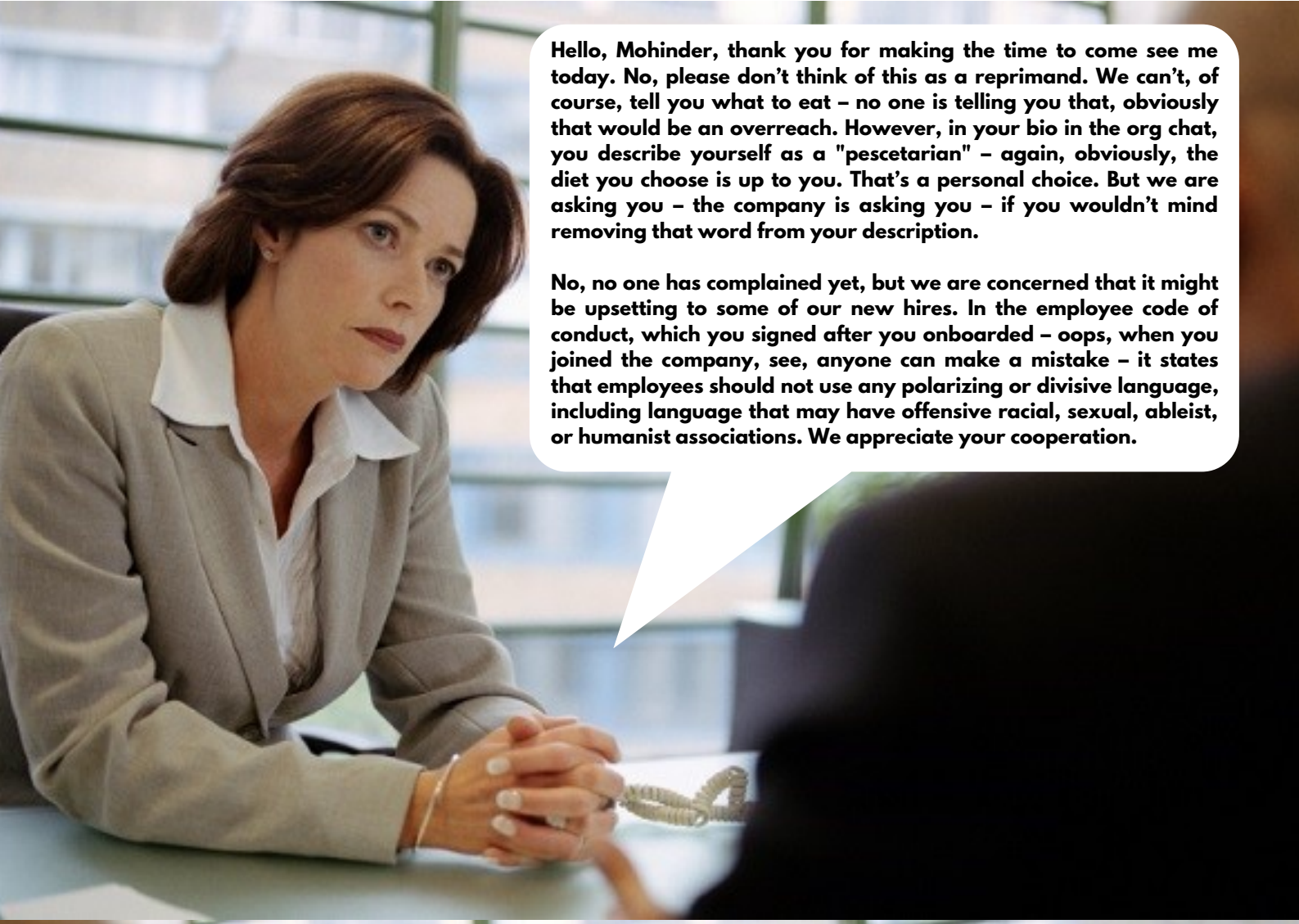
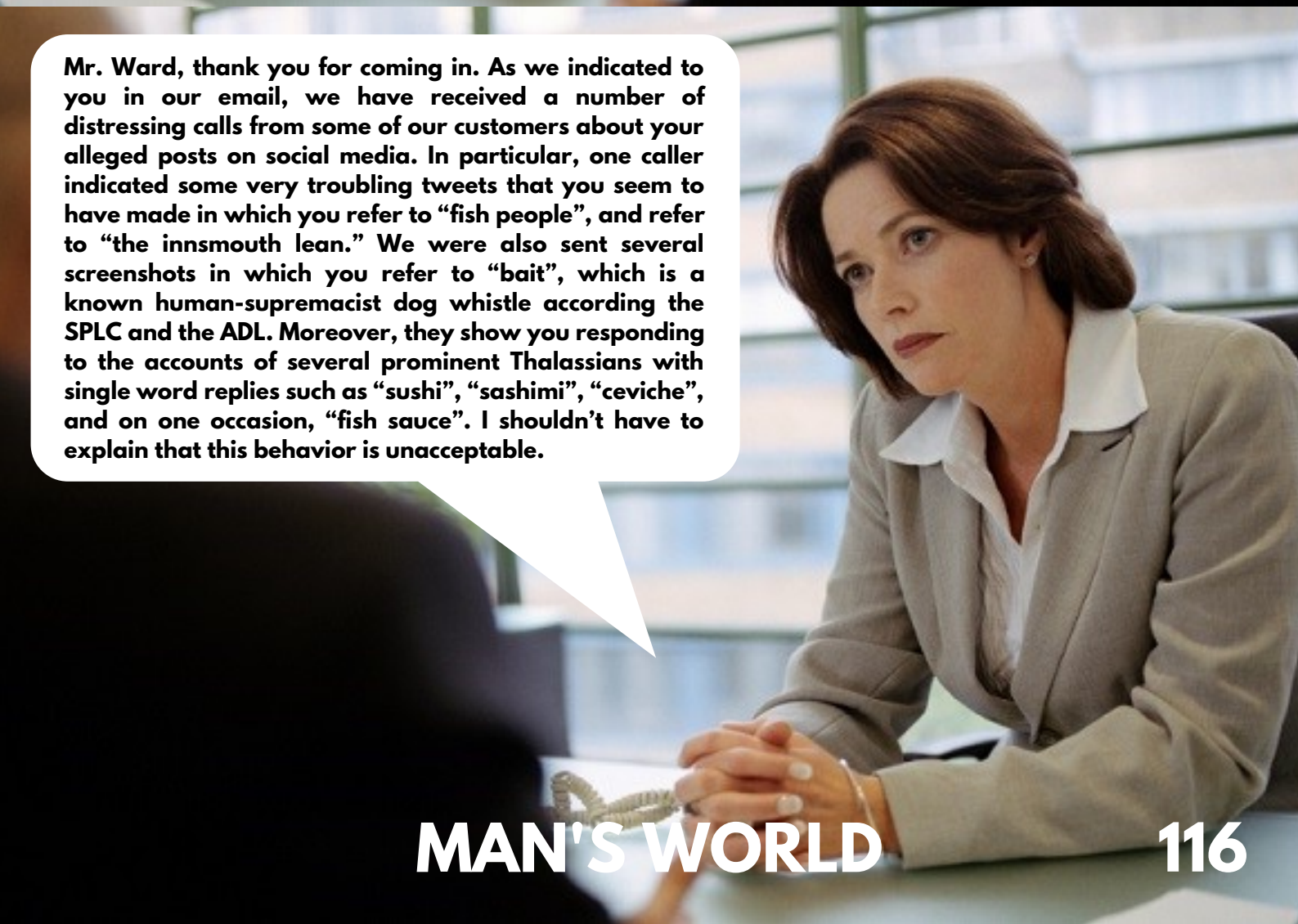
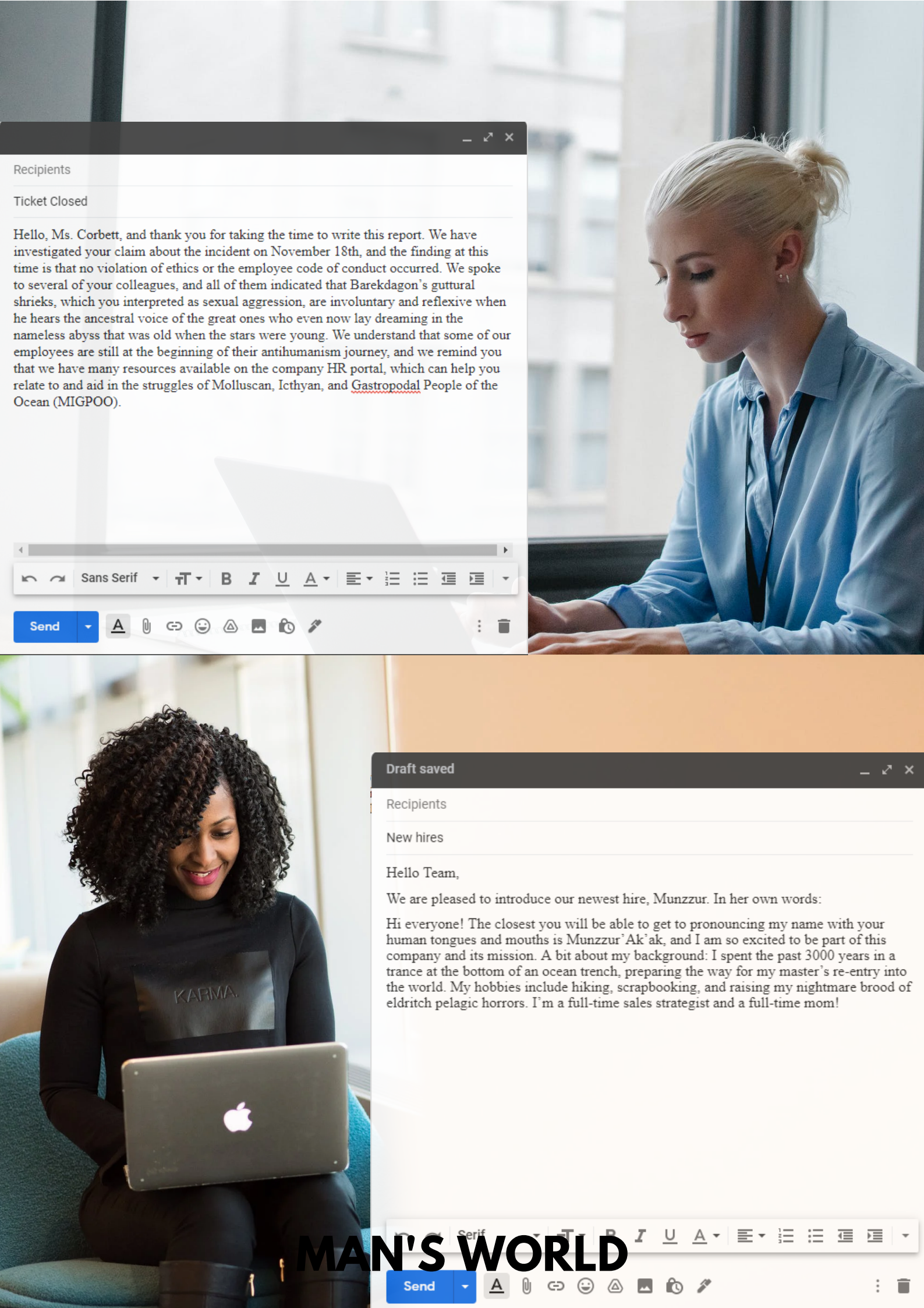
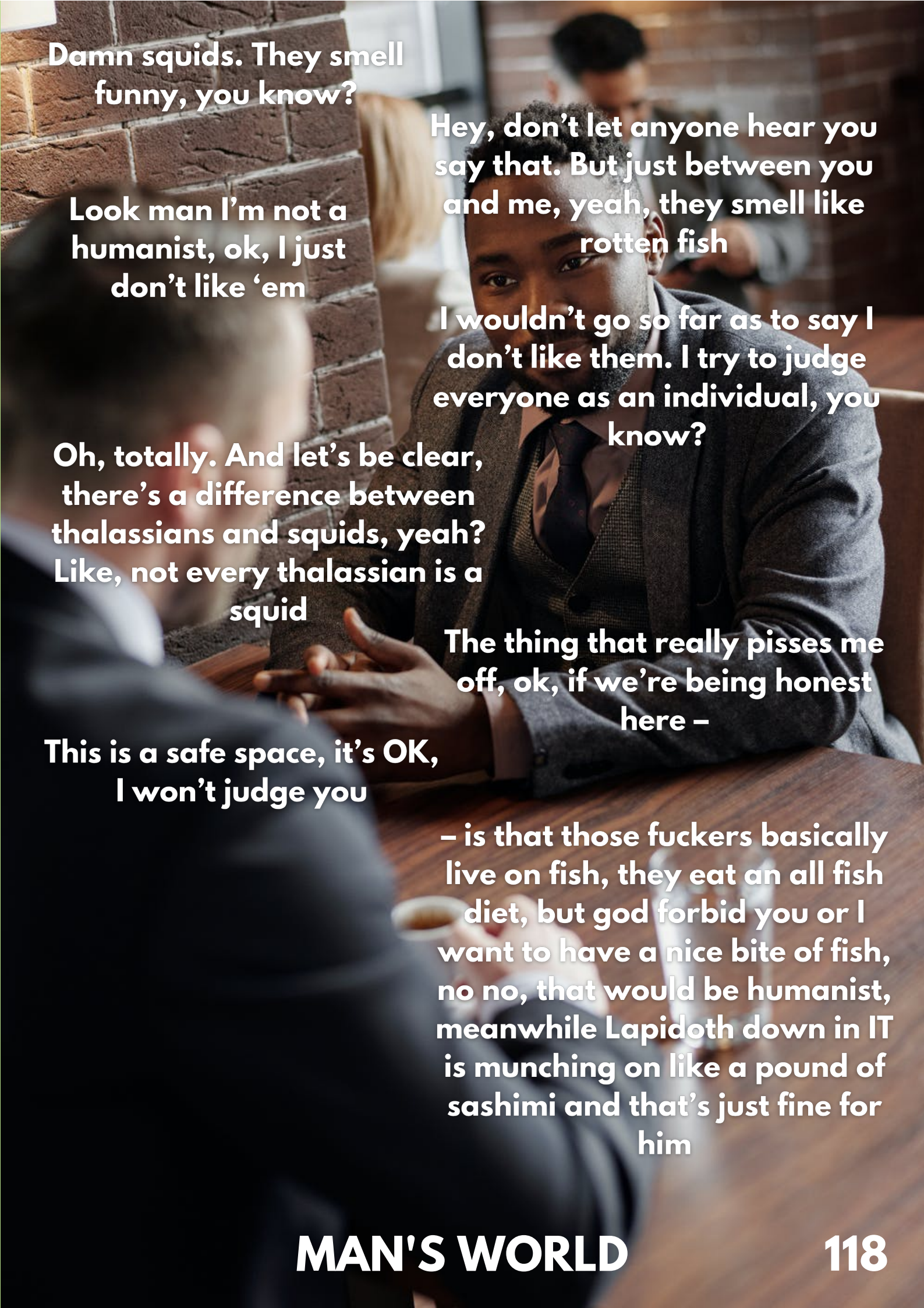
Delete forever
Complaint
Trash ×
[redacted]
to me
Dear [redacted]
We've received a complaint. I'm sorry, I can't say from whom, apparently one of your coworkers overheard a conversation between you and your teammate, Joanna. In the context we received the complaint, you were discussing her date from the previous night, and you made the remark, "there are plenty of fish in the sea." You're not in trouble. We just ask that you think a little bit more next time and use more inclusive language. Instead of that, why couldn't you say something like, "there are plenty of others out there." When you say something like "fish in the sea" you are, maybe unwittingly, invoking the legacy of fishing, and that can make some people feel unwelcome. We just want everyone who works here to feel comfortable in their own scales or skin, as the case may be.
Reply
Forward
DAGON
Apology - [redacted]
Apology
Inbox ×
[redacted]
to me
Dear Colleagues,
I would like to apologize, both on behalf of the company, and personally, to all of you for my use of the phrases "net profit" and "net loss" in the quarterly earnings report. I am troubled to say that I was not fully aware of the connotations of these phrases in light of the dark history of our country and indeed, our entire species. Several of you came to me in private to help me understand what I did wrong and how I can try to be a better ally. I now see that the use of the "n-word" can be very disturbing or triggering to Thalassian People. I know there can be no real excuse for what I have said, but I am striving every day to work on myself and improve. Going forward, we will only use the more inclusive term, "revenue minus cost."
Thank you,
Reply
Forward
MAN'S WORLD


Hello, Mohinder, thank you for making the time to come see me today. No, please don't think of this as a reprimand. We can't, of course, tell you what to eat – no one is telling you that, obviously that would be an overreach. However, in your bio in the org chat, you describe yourself as a "pescetarian" – again, obviously, the diet you choose is up to you. That's a personal choice. But we are asking you – the company is asking you – if you wouldn't mind removing that word from your description.

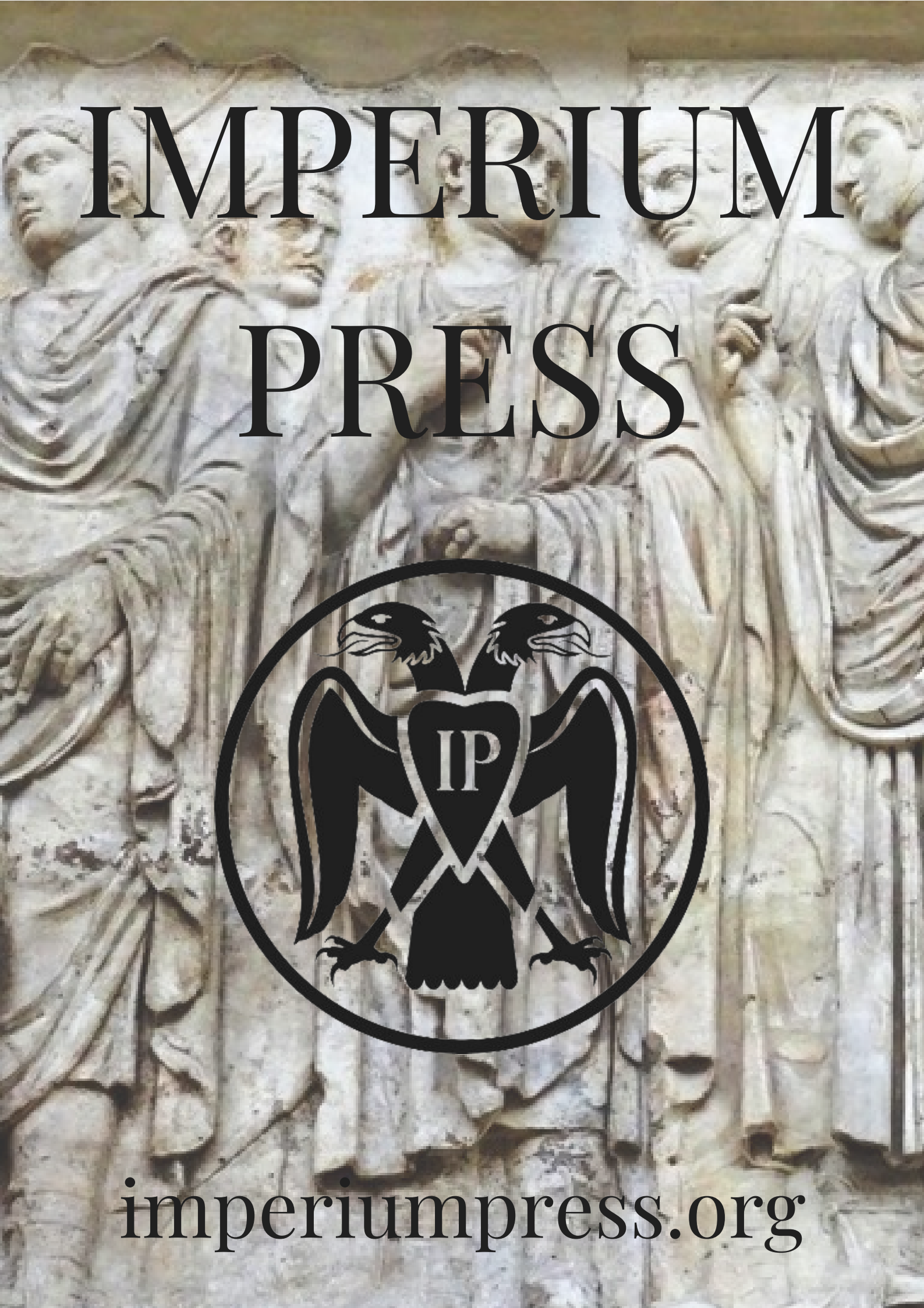
No, no one has complained yet, but we are concerned that it might be upsetting to some of our new hires. In the employee code of conduct, which you signed after you onboarded – oops, when you joined the company, see, anyone can make a mistake – it states that employees should not use any polarizing or divisive language, including language that may have offensive racial, sexual, ableist, or humanist associations. We appreciate your cooperation.


Mr. Ward, thank you for coming in. As we indicated to you in our email, we have received a number of distressing calls from some of our customers about your alleged posts on social media. In particular, one caller indicated some very troubling tweets that you seem to have made in which you refer to "fish people", and refer to "the innsmouth lean." We were also sent several screenshots in which you refer to "bait", which is a known human-supremacist dog whistle according the SPLC and the ADL. Moreover, they show you responding to the accounts of several prominent Thalassians with single word replies such as "sushi", "sashimi", "ceviche", and on one occasion, "fish sauce". I shouldn't have to explain that this behavior is unacceptable.


Recipients
Ticket Closed
Hello, Ms. Corbett, and thank you for taking the time to write this report. We have investigated your claim about the incident on November 18th, and the finding at this time is that no violation of ethics or the employee code of conduct occurred. We spoke to several of your colleagues, and all of them indicated that Barekdagon's guttural shrieks, which you interpreted as sexual aggression, are involuntary and reflexive when he hears the ancestral voice of the great ones who even now lay dreaming in the nameless abyss that was old when the stars were young. We understand that some of our employees are still at the beginning of their antihumanism journey, and we remind you that we have many resources available on the company HR portal, which can help you relate to and aid in the struggles of Molluscan, Icthyan, and Gastropodal People of the Ocean (MIGPOO).
Sans Serif
Send
Draft saved
Recipients
New hires
Hello Team,
We are pleased to introduce our newest hire, Munzzur. In her own words:
Hi everyone! The closest you will be able to get to pronouncing my name with your human tongues and mouths is Munzzur'Ak'ak, and I am so excited to be part of this company and its mission. A bit about my background: I spent the past 3000 years in a trance at the bottom of an ocean trench, preparing the way for my master's re-entry into the world. My hobbies include hiking, scrapbooking, and raising my nightmare brood of eldritch pelagic horrors. I'm a full-time sales strategist and a full-time mom!
Send
MAN'S WORLD


Damn squids. They smell funny, you know?
Look man I'm not a humanist, ok, I just don't like 'em
Oh, totally. And let's be clear, there's a difference between thalassians and squids, yeah? Like, not every thalassian is a squid
This is a safe space, it's OK, I won't judge you
Hey, don't let anyone hear you say that. But just between you and me, yeah, they smell like rotten fish
I wouldn't go so far as to say I don't like them. I try to judge everyone as an individual, you know?
The thing that really pisses me off, ok, if we're being honest here –
– is that those fuckers basically live on fish, they eat an all fish diet, but god forbid you or I want to have a nice bite of fish, no no, that would be humanist, meanwhile Lapidoth down in IT is munching on like a pound of sashimi and that's just fine for him

I miss tempura shrimp. Used to be you could just go out and eat a nice plate of tempura shrimp. Ponzu sauce. I went to the izakaya down on 12th yesterday and they didn't even have shrimp on the menu. Only Japanese place left in town
You know in China they don't give a shit. They eat shellfish, salmon, tuna, like none of this even happened
Political correctness. Eh?
My buddy went to Shenzhen on a business trip last month. He said there was a stall on the street selling boiled squid, you know what I'm saying?
No shit
Swear to god
Did he try it?
MAN'S WORLD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John Cold and the Weather Machine

In this extract from his new pulp novel, Ernest Lewicki (@ernestthepole) introduces us to super soldier of the fourth millennium John Cold. Cold by name, cold by nature, our hero is about to be made an offer he cannot refuse..

MAN'S WORLD

At the eve of the fourth millennium there was a border town called Kirshevo. It stood in the southeastern corner of the Neon Tsar's' domains. Just north of it, the Ural Mountains sank into the green jungle, never to reappear.

Coming to it by the main road from the west, one first had to cross the banana and coconut plantations. Then, an extended perimeter of watchtowers appeared. Some distance behind them was a ring of dilapidated wooden and tin buildings squatting against the concrete walls of a fort. This was Kirshevo, and no matter how many anti-aircraft guns were on the walls of its stronghold, it was still a shithole.

The day before the start of our story the gunslinger going by the name of John Cold came here from the wild mountains up north, driven by his insatiable wanderlust.

By the time we commence our yarn he had come to regret it somewhat, for a commotion interrupted his stay at one of the local establishments.

***

John Cold stood in the corner of the room he had rented, watching for any sign of movement. The sounds of smashing, shrieks, and cries from the lower floor of the bordello had ceased. Something was moving up the stairs, something very large. A hissing sound came from beyond the southern door. Would the unknown beast attack now?

Bang! The door burst, spitting debris everywhere. The gigantic head of a bulldoze-python appeared. Like a spearhead of the monstrous body, it immediately pointed towards the man - and the panicked girl crouching behind him.

More bangs. That was John shooting. One round after another, without any thought, just instinct. The bullets hit the vulnerable tissue of the snake's opening mouth. For a split second, it appeared the animal would recoil.

No such luck. The Chernomorian beast had not encountered any resistance so far, why would a few stings make a difference to it? It closed its mouth and struck with the sledgehammer-like nose.

What the creature did not know was that there existed in this new age a breed of men colder than the python, faster than it, too. And John was its scion.

He pushed himself off to the left, with no thought for the girl hiding behind him. The wall shook, splattered with her blood and guts. John, his hand steady, put the gun at the precise point only an experienced hunter like himself would know. The point where the snake's skull opened. Where a corridor of flesh led straight to its primitive brain. BANG.

...John Cold came here from the wild mountains up north, driven by his insatiable wanderlust.

Later, when the city guards arrived, when the carcass cleaners bustled about, happy with the precious scales and fangs, and the families of the dead wailed for their unfaithful husbands and unhappy daughters, John lit a fine Norwegian cigar and swore to his gods that that was the last time he would visit a whorehouse. Especially one whose proprietor had a quarrel with a warlord.

It was obvious to John where the python had come from. Across the street from the brothel was the town's arena. Fights with beasts - and among men - happened there weekly. The animal had escaped and then broke into the nearest building. By chance - or so the establishment's owner would have everyone believe. No one would doubt him anyway, as he was also the master of the whole town.

His name was Colonel Nurlan, and John knew him well enough. They had fought on the same, winning side (but in different regiments) in the Yamalia pacification. That was the first war where John was part of a regular unit, and the last.

Nurlan, barely older than Cold, but native to the tsardom, had his troubles with the 'regular' part as well. In his case, however, the problem was all the regulations by which the Neon Tsar tried to limit war-profiteering among his officers. You see, the colonel had always been opposed to this kind of anachronism. As a man of action, he did not express this opposition in words. He was particularly bad at hiding his corruption, though, and soon the truth came out and reached the Tsar. A quick transfer to the poorer South resulted. For some reason, Nurlan thought John Cold was responsible for this.

So when John got the invite to Kirshevo's inner compound, he had good reason to be suspicious - even if the message praised him as 'the hero-slayer of the beast'.

***

'You dealt with that snake nicely, Cascadian,' said the colonel. 'I'd give you a medal, but they're in short supply. I'm sure you understand.'

With a gesture, he pointed John to take a seat across the burly desk.

'Move those maps if you need to, I'm clear on the situation, for now.'

'No need,' said John. Sitting, he put his glass on the nearest map. It showed the upper course of the Ural River, where assumed guerrilla positions had been penciled in, then erased, then penciled in again a dozen times or more in a neat hand. He looked at the colonel. Did the fiend want something connected to the fearsome Yaik Tigers?

'Look, Nurlan,' he said. 'I did some mercenary jobs in the past, but no longer. And I don't fondly recall fighting at your side.'

'Yes, we have our history, you and I,' said Nurlan. 'But I am willing to forget, and it's not fighting that I want from you. There is something only a man of your talents can help me get.'

'Here,' the old soldier tossed Cold a notebook with a dark, metallic cover. 'Tell me what you think of that.'

Inside, on plastic pages, scribbles scrawled in Cyrillic script. Some uncertain, rheumatic hand made the cursive nearly undecipherable. Yet there was something else. Among them, there were drawings, angry and fast things: A metameteoric compound? Dervish somatoma? And coordinates. A whole series of them, marking a path down to the south.

John's eyes gleamed.

'I see you'll take this job,' concluded the colonel. 'These might be just hallucinations of a feverish traveler. But if it proves right and you bring me this machine' - he put his finger on one of the images - 'all will be forgotten, our old business. And you'll be rewarded handsomely.'

'Why don't you do it yourself?' retorted John. 'It wouldn't be the first time in history that a border warlord went off searching for treasure in the jungle.'

'The air raids. I can't spare the men. And anyway, a large column would be surely spotted by the damn Tigers. Take the job.'

'No.' John finished his drink, stood up casually, the steel-bound notebook in hand. 'But I'll take this and keep it for myself, you dog.' He cracked his neck, grinning.

The colonel's face froze in a half-formed smile. He was trying to guess if this wiry bravo standing in front of him was making a joke, mad, or both. One never knew with John. They were in the middle of a fort the colonel controlled, well over four hundred of his men around them, not counting the jackals and whores who squatted against the stronghold's walls. Both categories would gladly slit John's throat if he made a move against their master. Why, there were two men hidden behind the tarp separating the room in half.

Yet precisely for the reason he had placed them there, the colonel's eyes lingered on the harsh, cold features of John's face. He knew the man too well.

'John, be reasonable. With this somatoma, we could bring peace to the land,' pleaded the commander.

'I know how you and yours brought peace to Yamalia. I was there, remember?'

Colonel Nurlan paused for a moment. 'So you've gotten sentimental with age. Fine. Don't wanna do it? Leave the notebook on my desk and get the fuck out of here.'

'I don't think so. I'm leaving with it.'

'Like hell you are. Men!'

John sprung forward like lightning, his left hand extended. He grasped the colonel's hair, pulling his head back towards him - and down on the desk. Thud.

He kicked the chair next, with a powerful flex. The kick sent it flying into the faces of men emerging from behind the curtain. They ducked, fumbling with the cloth.

Click.

John held his gun to Nurlan's temple. Sudden sweat trickled down the soldier's face.

'Don't shoot!' shouted the commander. 'You win, John, you win. Man, they don't call you 'Cold' for nothing.'

To be continued...

The full book can be bought now from Amazon. Parts two and three of the John Cold saga, '...and the Pirates of Alaska' and 'At the Court of the Neon Tsar', will be available soon.

While I've got your attention

A final message from the editor, Raw Egg Nationalist (@babygravy9)

Whew! What a ride! Well, that was Man's World Issue 1. First of all, I want to thank all the contributors without whose generous submissions this issue would not have been the tour de force that it was. Great job!

There will be a second issue. If you'd like to make a contribution or just to help out, @ or DM me on Twitter and we can discuss your idea. As I said in the opening remarks, it would be nice to have a motoring section, so if you've got an idea from a motoring segment, it would be very welcome.

The brief for articles in general is broad: anything the right kind of man would want to read. Hopefully you know what I mean by 'right kind of man'. I'll assume you do; if not, why would you be here in the first place?

As with my three books, I made the decision for the digital copies to be free – and I am looking into physical copies, so bear with me – but if you would like to make a contribution, and make it easier for me to continue putting out content like this, then consider buying my books via Amazon or the Rogue Scholar Book Store (https://shop.aer.io/roguescholar/), or making a donation in any kind of cryptocurrency to my Coinbase wallet (username: raweggnationalist).

Until we meet again, happy slonking!